

Christmas Literary Issue

best of luck
with
those exams

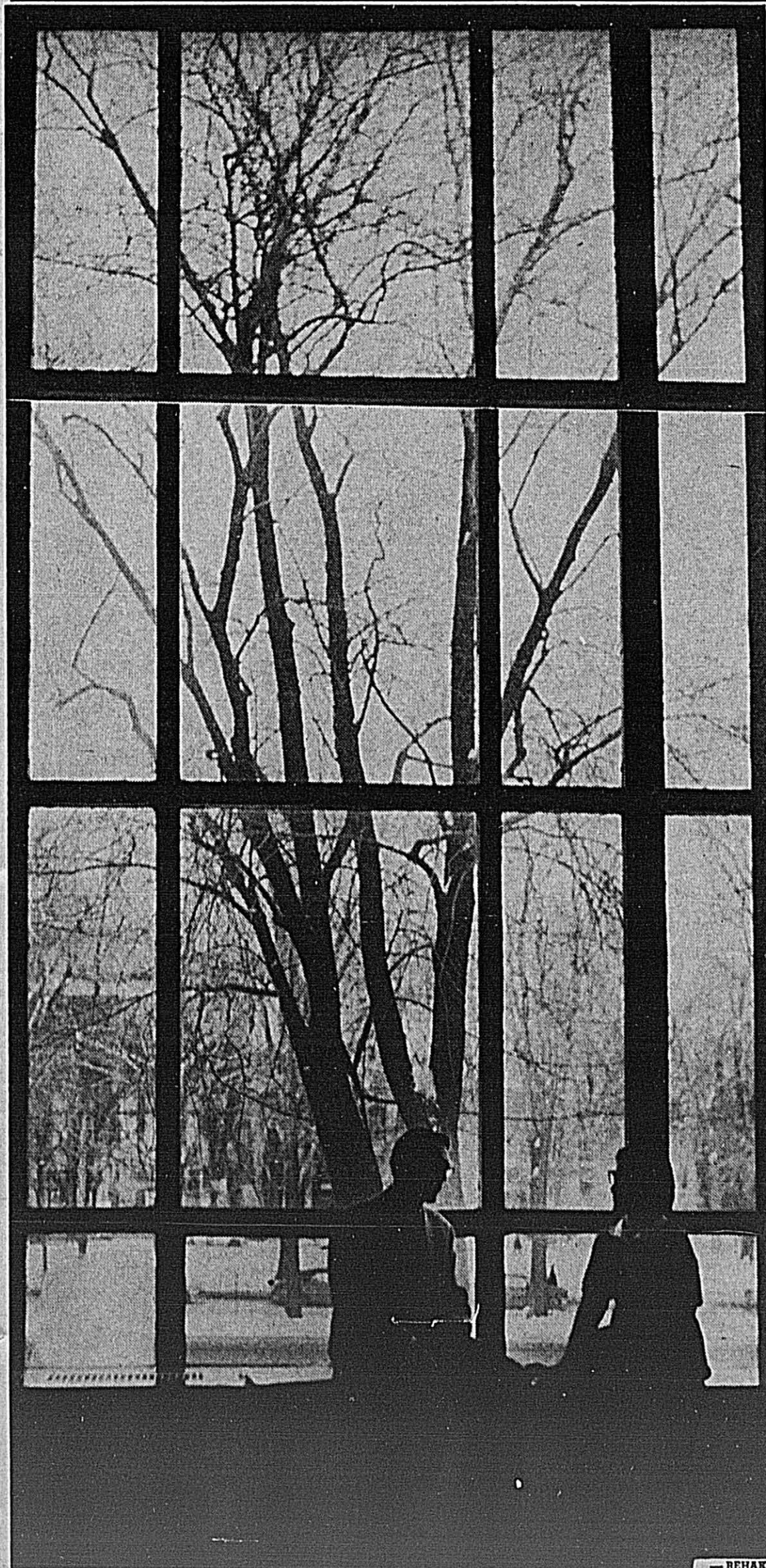
McGill  Daily

see you all
again
next year

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With All Good Wishes For A Happy Holiday

A Christmas Message From The Principal

A Happy Christmas to each of you, students of McGill and members of the staff.

No man can number the thousands of years during which mankind gathered around the fire at the mid-winter feast, has thrilled to the realisation that a new year had come to birth, that life would go on, that there was a new chance for peace and health, happiness and prosperity. Almost two thousand years have gone by since the Early Fathers of the Christian Church decided to combine with that older tradition the richer and deeper recollection of the Birth of a Babe at Bethlehem who was heralded by the promise of peace on earth to men of goodwill.

All of these age-old memories are ours. May they linger in your minds a moment to enrich the happiness of the hours that you spend with family and friends at Christmastide. May they recall to you the promise of a feast in which all men have long rejoiced in fellowship so that you too, each of you, may enjoy that feast to the full and add to the joy of those around you.

A Happy Christmas to you, and may the joy of Christmas remain with you throughout all the days of the New Year.

Dr. F. Cyril James
Principal and Vice-Chancellor



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ASUS Sponsors New Year's Eve Dance At Union

Wondering how to spend New Year's Eve? Well old McGill — all of it — intends to really have itself a ball, and even engineers are invited.

Traditionally, McGill's Dance is the only place for McGillians to usher in the new year. This year's dance promises to be the very best yet. Sponsored by the A.S.U.S., the dance plays host to fraternity groups, parties of friends and just plain boy-girl groups.

CABARET STYLE

This year's Big Splash will take place at the McGill Union, where the Ballroom and the entire second floor have been taken over and decorated beyond recognition. The decor and the atmosphere will be cabaret style, with all the rooms and things necessary to provide a varied but interesting evening. Party favours, noisemakers and a full range of appropriate paraphanelia and snacks will be provided. The word is, however, that he who brings his own shall most tastefully cure his thirst. Mixers will be available.

10 O'CLOCK HOP

Things will shove off at 10 pm, and the evening will rock, heel, cavort and keep time to the music of Mike Dodman and a six piece pro' orchestra. Seeing that the bandsmen are pros, the evening and the instruments should hold out until 2:30 am or so — A.S.U.S. Social Chairman Nancy Roland and Art Shoppam have assured us.

Tickets are \$3.00 per couple, and will be sold at the door. Advance sales will take place at the Arts Building from December 16th to the 18th. Door prizes will be awarded.

WRY AND GINGER Auditions

Auditions will be held for actors and singers at 1:30 pm Saturday in the Walter M. Stewart Room of the Union.

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Revue Is "Wry & Ginger"

Wry and Ginger.

That's both the title and a thumb-nail description of the big Red and White Revue of 1958, opening in Moyse Hall on Thursday, February 6.

Geared to the fast-moving local and national scene, this year's students review of things in general is a bright mixture of Canadian satire, spoof, music and comedy. The show will run until February 12.

In brief, Wry and Ginger contains a series of sketches, vignettes and impressions tied together within the framework of a topical storyline. The result: a colourful expose of the state of the world and its new-found suburbs.

SMUGGLED QUOTES

To explain further, here are quotes smuggled out from behind the closed doors guarding Wry and Ginger rehearsals.

Co-producers Josephine Stone BA4 and Bob Bridge BA2: "Wry and Ginger is a revue in the real sense of the word — a loosely connected play. Its story and music have just enough ginger to point up the wry wit and humour of the whole show. We think we have an excellent mixture here."

Script and lyrics have been written by Stan Hartt BA4, Irving Wolfe MA 2, Chris Dobson, a graduate law student, and Judy Tarlo BA 2, Rensfrew of the Mounted in last year's production.

Satirists Hartt and Wolfe explained their contribution: "We've aimed our part of the Wry and Ginger script at a Montreal audience. Our satire is highly topical, and you must admit we've got a lot to shoot at."

Original music for Wry and Ginger



Discussing the forthcoming Red and White Revue production, "Wry and Ginger", are left to right; the director, Gordon Atkinson, co-producers, Bob Bridge and Josephine Stone, and personnel manager, Audrey Rockingham.

has been composed by Gerry Horovitch B. Arch 4 and Richard Notkin BA 4. Choreography this year will be done by Heino Heiden.

Organization of the whole production is being coordinated by Audrey V. Rockingham, personnel manager, Elisabeth Heseltine, secretary, and Albert Hallac, business manager.

McGill, U. of M. To Show US Paintings

Following last year's success of "Thirty-five Painters of Today", an exhibit devoted solely to the work of artists in the province of Quebec, the Universities of Montreal and McGill have brought together various works of forty-one contemporary American painters. The exhibit will be opened by the U.S. Ambassador to Canada, Livingston T. Merchant, on January 7th, in the Museum of Fine Arts at 8:30 pm. It will be continued to be shown until January 26th.

In 1955 the School of Commerce of the Université de Montréal initiated an exhibition of trans-Canadian painting. From this was born the idea that the two universities, McGill and the U. of M., through close cooperation could bring each year to students and public the best of contemporary art and by so doing enliven appreciation and interest in the field of art.

TWO COMMITTEES

To achieve these aims two committees were formed, one from the U. of M., the other from McGill. The result was the highly successful exhibit "Thirty-Five Painters of Today" which opened on January 1957. The initial work was close to a pioneering project, and the exhibit's programme containing biographical sketches and photographs of each contributing artist is today one of the most comprehensive sources of information on Quebec artists.

The paintings to be shown reflect a variety of North American feelings, and many have as their subject the North American scene expressed in a multitude of ways and techniques. There is Morris Graves, for instance, of the 'Northwest School' whose imagination vividly transforms landscapes and birds into slender, sometimes Oriental forms. From the New York Museum of Modern Art and also reflecting the North American scene is Edward Hopper. Using commonplace subjects with the sun as his protagonist, all his paintings, even the most squalid scenes, reveal the expression of human striving.

SEVERAL "ABSTRACTS"

Of a different nature is what is known as 'abstract expressionism' represented in the exhibit by several artists among whom are William Baziotes, James Brooke, Hans Hoffmann, Jackson Pollock and Willem de Kooning. Each are as different as their personalities. William De Kooning's 'Woman' lent by the Brooklyn Museum reveals a violence, where others might be placid or distressed.

This exhibit, representing forty-one contemporary U.S. artists, is, according to a spokesman of the McGill Student Artistic Committee, "probably the finest and most exciting of its kind to be shown in Canada, certainly in Montreal."



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Crowding Forces Oldest Local Library To Move

by Howard Cohen

Montreal's oldest public library is moving from its original location of 637 Dorchester Street West to the corner of Somerled Avenue and Kensington Street in N.D.G. The Fraser-Hickson Library has already started moving its 140,000 volumes and will complete the change by May, 1959.

The Library has been in the same location since its inception in 1885. However, due to excessive overcrowding, the Circulation Department has been closed for the last 15 years. As a result, it has been maintained exclusively as a Reference Library and has a reputation as being Montreal's finest.

The library is maintaining its temporary quarters in Morrice Hall, adjacent to McGill on McTavish Street, until completion of its new building in 1959. The Fraser-Hickson Library was able to make this change due to a bequest by the late Dr. J.W.A. Hickson, Professor of Philosophy at McGill.

10,000 BOOKS

The new library will have a Circulation Department of ten thousand books, which will enable readers to take books from the library, a service that was unable to be maintained in the old quarters. Another feature of the new Fraser-Hickson Library will be an out-door reading room, where books may be read in the out-of-doors on summer days. This will be in the form of a patio adjacent to the library. There will also be a special reading room for children, as well as a teen-age department in the new, modern structure in N.D.G.

DOCUMENTS

The Library has many books of interest to McGill students, especially those dealing with government documents. There is a complete collection of all debates held in the House of Commons, as well as Federal financial statements and patent records. This collection is maintained on a daily basis, and, therefore it is right up to date.

The feature of the Library is its reference section, especially the Canadians Section. This section was made possible through donations and purchases after the Board of Governors announced that it "was extremely desirous of forming a complete collection of books having reference to Canada." This part of the Fraser-Hickson Library is known throughout Canada and is often approached by the National Library in Ottawa for



AFTER 70 YEARS IN ONE LOCATION, The Fraser-Hickson Library is locked by Howard Murray, O.B.E., one of the senior members of the Board of Governors. Also taking part in the Library Closing is Miss M.W. Trenholme, Chief Librarian and Dr. R.D. Gibbs, President of the Board of Governors.

BAND JOINS CHORAL SOCIETY IN "SING AT CHRISTMAS" CONCERT

The Choral Society will present its thirteenth annual "Sing At Christmas" concert on Saturday, December 14 at 8:30 pm in the Sir Arthur Currie Gymnasium.

Tickets are \$1.00 each and are on sale in the Union Tuckshop or at the International Music Store, 1334 Ste. Catherine St. W. They may also be obtained at the door, from 7:30 on, the night of the concert.

The Choral Society is a group of some 230 men and women from all faculties and schools of the University. Gifford Mitchell will direct the concert, as he has for the past thirteen seasons.

The group's accompanist, William Stevens, is a concert pianist who has played in Europe and throughout North America. This is his second season with the Choral Society.

The McGill Symphonic Band, under Morley Calvert, will also take part

photographs of its catalogues.

Montreal's oldest public library is now temporarily located next to our campus and this is an excellent opportunity for the students of McGill to use it and derive the benefits of its vast collection.

in the program. The band was formed in 1955 by members of the Redmen Football Band who were interested in playing more serious music after the close of the football season. It made its first appearance at the Choral Society's "Springsong" last March, and is now planning a separate concert in February.

PROGRAM NOTES

"Sing At Christmas" will feature music sung by the choir alone as well as with audience participation. "The Christmas Story" will be read by McGill students from many lands, dressed in their national costumes. The second half of the concert will consist of secular Christmas music by the Choral Society and Symphonic Band.

The male quartet, "Three Saints and a Sinner", under Herb Horsey, will also perform. The concert will close with "Christmas Party", a production number written and composed by Harold Spina and Philip Lang.

Directory of Students

The Students' Directory, 1957-58, is now on sale in all campus buildings and in the Union. Price of the Directories is 35¢ each.

A.S.U.S.

NEW YEAR'S EVE PARTY

McGILL UNION

All Welcome

RETIRING

Dr. Kevan succeeds Professor E. Melville DuPorte, who retired this year as Chairman of the Department of Entomology, and who has been associated with the Department for forty-five years.

ticularly of grasshoppers and locusts, but his publications also include works in other entomological fields. Among biologists in general he is probably most widely known through the book, "Soil Zoology" which he edited and to which he also contributed.

Dr. James Announces Appointment Of New Professor Of Entomology

Dr. F. Cyril James, Principal and Vice-Chancellor announced last week that the Board of Governors has appointed Dr. D. Keith McE. Kevan, Professor of Entomology to the Faculty of Agriculture at Macdonald College.

Dr. Kevan is at present Head of the Zoology Division of the Department of Agricultural Sciences in the University of Nottingham's Faculty of Agriculture at Sutton Bonington, near Loughborough, England, and will be leaving the U.K. at the end of February to assume his new post.

Dr. Kevan, who is 37, received his early education at George Watson's College, Edinburgh, and his B.Sc. with Honours in Zoology at Edinburgh University. He holds the Associateship of the Imperial College of Tropical Agriculture in Trinidad, and was awarded his Ph.D. by the University of Nottingham.

Before joining the staff at Nottingham he spent some years in Africa where he was mainly concerned with anti-locust campaigns, both military and civil. He is the author of numerous scientific papers, with major emphasis on systematic entomology, par-

Scarcity Of Christmas Employment Faces McGill Students This Year

Despite the fact that neither the Conservatives nor Liberals mentioned the affair in the Model Parliament, it appears that there will be a problem of unemployment among McGill students during the Christmas holidays.

According to the McGill Placement Service there have been more demands for holiday employment than there are jobs available.

By far the biggest source of holiday work is the Post Office which usually takes over 125 students to sort the mail during the Christmas rush.

DEADLINE

Because of a Post Office deadline, further applications for these positions will not be considered.

Mrs. Grant, who is in charge of Christmas employment, said that "there is never very much in the way of holiday jobs since most Christmas preparations are done when University is still in session".

Girls are liable to find work more easily than men. For instance there are still a number of places open for baby-sitting and dishwashing on Christmas Day and New Year's Eve. The rate is \$1 an hour with a \$5 minimum.

The male student is most likely to get a job as a waiter or ticket seller. "Our greatest trouble is to interest employers in hiring through us" said Mrs. Grant. "We cannot afford to advertise. If only more students would tell their parents about us..."

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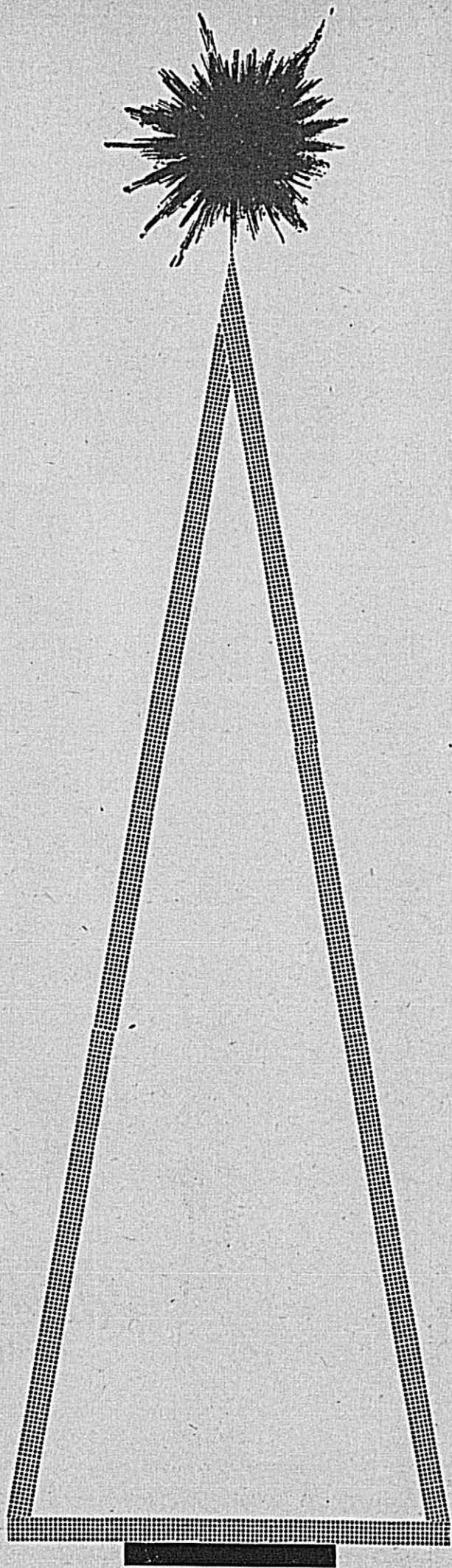
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LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

First Prize
Poetry, McGill Daily Contest

Christmas in the Everglades

by Deborah Eibel

The cypress nets a rumoured sun,
And wintered gold becomes a lamp
For herons' children, wingless, chained,
That trundle in the heaving swamp.
Reclaimed by dawn, twin butterflies
Come winged in copper — holy paint —
To Mass among the eastern groves
Like mimics of a swamp-borne saint.
Old crocodiles keep muddy lairs:
These dead, stuffed gods are praying, too,
For they have tabernacled where
They guess Christ of the marshlands grew.

Second Prize
Prose, McGill Daily Contest

THE OPAL RAIN

by Bernard Schiff

Joan and I had rented a little cabin in Mont Tremblant for the last week-end in July. We had met that summer and really didn't know each other too well. I was young and easily flattered; she was even younger and more easily deceived. When she had agreed to come with me I was happy. I saw an idyllic picture of two people, strangers to the world, loving each other and God and beauty. I dreamed of silent moments in the suspension of the dying day. My heart rang with excitement.

Our cabin was an ugly shack in a prickly forest overlooking a marshy cove of Lac Tremblant. Joan had rented it.

When we got there Friday night it was raining. It was one of those summer rains that promise no relief; the rain falls with a monotonous regularity like a Bach exercise. It was heavy and hot.

We walked into the cabin and dropped our baggage on the floor near the bed in what was supposedly the living room. There were two other rooms in the house, a kitchen and a toilet. Everything was small and dirty. The floor was warped and damp with moss and the cracks in the wall were stuffed with cotton and rags. The single light, hanging from a rafter in the front of the room, buzzed with insects. Joan looked at me and said:

"It's wonderful, isn't it."

"I'm tired," I answered.

"Oh — I'm sorry. Do you want to lie down?"

"No!"

I was abrupt and harsh, but she was still soft and gentle and I should have loved her for it but I couldn't. She bothered me then and I don't know why. Suddenly she became a burden to me. Why couldn't she just leave me alone; I didn't want to lie down — as a matter of fact I didn't even want to stay in that filthy hole, not that I minded the dirt, but it was heavy and damp and I couldn't have left even if I had wanted to — and Joan couldn't have cared less; she was happy and where she wanted to be...

Joan walked into the bathroom. She was a tall girl. She had long red hair and grey eyes. She had chest and disproportionately large hips which sometimes gave her a resemblance to an elongated pear. When she wore her bathing suit ripples of fat would crawl from under the tight elastic and run down her thighs. She always walked on the flat of her feet, and with the grace of a pretentious duck out of water. But she always made me feel that she was part of me. She responded to my sensitivity with an ease of understanding that I devoured. When we met I was drunk and sad and crying. She sat with me in an innocent and sweet silence, and I loved her. We spent that next week together. We were both working on summer assignments for col-

lege and we studied beside each other in the library. We used to sit in a separate corner and whisper so that the librarian would not hear. When we left at night we would walk on the mountains. It was a beautiful summer week and we would lie side by side in the moonlit dark, quietly, almost inanimately, and would listen to the summer noises of the mountain, and the distant, muffled city noises of Park Ave. Then we would go home and dream of our next day together. Now, however, that we were so completely alone and together it was different.

Joan came back into the room. Her hair was in pin-curls. She always came to me with her hair in pin-curls. That night I listened in the dark to the falling metal.

I woke before Joan; it was in the early afternoon. She slept heavy and ugly on the crushed pillow; she seemed cold, almost foreign to me. I wanted to love her but I couldn't. I leaned over to kiss her hoping that tenderness would make us beautiful again. She opened her eyes and gently returned my kiss.

"Good afternoon Joan." I tried to force a warmth I didn't feel.

"Is it the afternoon already?"

My coldness became confused with guilt and then anger, and I couldn't stand her!

"What do you think it is — midnight?"

"Marty, what's wrong?" It was her first open realization of my hostility. I sat up at the end of the bed and buried my face in my hands.

"Nothing... nothing... I'm sorry..." She lay her hand lightly on my back and waited. I said nothing.

"It's all right; we'll talk about it later," she said, and she got out of bed and walked into the toilet. I was sick all over. I got up and left the cabin.

It was a hot, oppressive day. The sun was a blob of light in the grey

First Prize
Prose, McGill Daily Contest

One Morning Apart

by James Stuart

To Hell with you now, you blasted thing you! Alec waited until the tractor clanked to a stop before he jumped into the heather.

Why d'you have t'break down here, you good-for-nothing thing you! He pushed at his black hair as he peered at the engine. You're a devil you are t'break down on your first trip up the hill. He smiled and turned away.

His boots rasped on the short mountain heather as he walked to the fence. Finding a sturdy post to lean against, he slumped into the heather and thrusting out his denim-covered legs, dark with dew, he carefully rolled a cigarette. He began to feel that he had meant to stop here, that the tractor had never broken down.

He looked down on the pointed sea-arm that stretched inland. In the distance, where the sea lost itself in the morning mist, he could just make out the Black Isle and the broken outline of Cromarty. Further inland, where the Ness browned the sea, the shore was rock-dark. He gazed at it for a few seconds then looked to where the Firth widened into the sea, and to where the sea shone almost white in the early sun.

'Tis good up here, he thought. What's it like to swim in the sea? Visitors to these parts just laugh when you tell them you haven't been in the sea. They laugh and say What's that, Alec? Never been in the sea? You was almost born in it! That's funny it is, Alec. Funny! Why's it funny when my folks either don't go in the sea? Why's it funny when none of us here go in the sea? Why's it funny just because visitors go in the sea and you don't? What's it like, though, in the sea?

You remember that morning long ago when you walked to the cliffs at Gordounshead and it was sunny and you tried to catch a big yellow and black-spotted butterfly? And you got home late for kirk and Mother said Where've you been, Alec? And you said to see Bill Mackenzie because you didn't want her to know you'd seen a girl swimming in the sea.

And that Sunday after Confirmation when you got up before the others and you crept into the pantry for a pie and a lemonade, and didn't come back until evening. And how you hid in the beech hedge and watched the dining-room light go on. And dew wet your breeches and head, and how you crept upstairs

sky. The water was still and in the distance seemed to be one with the air, so that when I looked at the pier on the other side of the lake it seemed to be sticking out into a film of nothingness. The air was thick. It swarmed about me like fat, lazy flies; the kind that are too slow to avoid a blow, but because there are so many you don't bother striking them. They drome about you until you become black with them and all you can do is shut your eyes, and scream and run to get away. But there was no getting away today. The spindly pine forest was sick with the weariness of the day.

I thought of Joan sitting in front of her broken mirror putting pin-curls in her hair. I hated her; and with such pain and intensity that the thought of seeing her again filled me with horror. But how could I leave now?

I walked down to the still lake. I slipped in carefully so as not to disturb the water, like you do when you want to crawl under your blankets without messing them. I sank to the bottom...

I held my breath until I thought that my lungs were going to burst. I was going to open my mouth and let the water in; but I bit my lip and rose to the surface and began swimming slowly across the lake.

and Mother called out Is that you, Alec? and you didn't answer but slipped into your room and flopped on to the bed. And how you said to yourself over and over again That was the best day of your life, and then swore never to do it again because your Mother got worried.

Then that sermon in the kirk, when McAllister talked about Obedience and the sun rising and setting and the beech trees going green each year, and the salmon running up the same river each year. And how you thought he was talking sense until he said that you too must be like the sun rising and setting and the salmon the trees. You remember that, Alec, don't you? And now you'd like to swim in the sea and stand on the cliff with a girl swimming below you.

Alec turned his eyes to the green-brown-black quilted land. He saw the green fields of the farm where he worked; he smiled at its white-walled and red-roofed buildings. They reminded him of dolls' houses and the black-speck cattle were toys. He screwed up his eyes and peered down through the peepholes made by his tight-wrapped hands. You can't see the hens or ducks even! 'Tis though the whole place's dead and just you alive! You're sent up here and you're alive! You do something different and nothing seems quite the same afterwards. 'Tis a shame no more hay's to be taken up the bothy.

He sniffed at the musty, honeyed heather, and ground a sprig between his palms. It felt drier now that the sun had risen higher over the sea. Stretching out, he looked up into the sky. There's a buzzard there is! Look at him circling about on his great wings. It's as though he scares the clouds with his sweeping wings. He must have spotted something below him. Yes, that's it. He's coming lower. He's brown he is — a buzzard all right. Look at how he moves his head from side to side as he circles. Alec leant up on his elbow when he saw the buzzard arch its wings above its back. It dropped to the ground. A rush of wind, a flurry of brown. Its wings heaved as it grasped skyward with a rabbit swinging under it.

Alec's eyes followed the buzzard until it disappeared behind a knoll. Such a great bird! taking away a rabbit from under your nose. If it wasn't for the hay, you'd never have seen him. It's as though the tractor meant to stop, and you to lie here and ask the buzzard to come along. You could be sleeping like them down there, like you used to sleep. But you're not. When you get down the hill, you'll tell them you

saw a buzzard take a rabbit from under your nose, that the Black Isle is a shadow in the mist, and the open sea gleams white and the shore inland is dark like rocks. And they'll say Alec, what a funny one you are! Better stay in bed like the rest of us in future and not go on to the hills. Then you'll say you're going swimming in the sea this afternoon. No, Alec, they'll say, you musn't. You know right well swimming in the sea's not for us. And what will be left for you to say but you're not one of them for you are going swimming in the sea. Not one of us! they'll say. That's funny it is, Alec. Funny. Then you'll know that to be like McAllister, and Mother and the rest is to be like a dead thing because all dead things are alike. And you'll be sad and walk to the cliff and hope that you see a girl swimming in the sea.

— PROSE —

First Prize

JAMES STUART

One Morning Apart

Second Prize

BERNARD SCHIFF

The Opal Rain

Honourable Mention

DEBORAH EIBEL

Old Colvin Rendered Hopeful

— POETRY —

First Prize

DEBORAH EIBEL

*Christmas in the Everglades
(A Christmas Carol)*

Second Prize

JACK ANTELL

Answer

Honourable Mention

MICHAEL BEAUSANG

Letter From A Cold Woman

The judges were members of
The English Department.

The Daily wishes to thank
Professors Dudek, Klima, and
Sleigh for their assistance.

Honourable Mention
Prose, McGill Daily Contest

Old Colvin Rendered Hopeful

by Deborah Eibel

Every New Year's Eve, for the past thirty years, Aaron Acree, the lonely sheriff of Draper's Valley, had gone up to the roof of the Summit House to find a circus in the stars. Leaning against the wooden parapet, he held his grandmother's wedding ring up to his right eye and believed it was the best telescope in the world. But he had never found his dancing animals. Every New Year's Eve, when he thought about the circus, he found that the sky became opaque. And since Aaron believed that God slept only in Heaven, he concluded that God had momentarily frozen and that the stars had in turn frozen above His clasped hands. The circus would be found, though, and in finding his happy creatures, Aaron Acree felt he should at once become father of his childhood soul.

Often, he thought of that day in the big city when he had gone to visit his grandmother. It was his ninth birthday and old Mrs. Acree had promised him a treat. Now Aaron knew that a great European Circus was in Philadelphia — one which would never visit his own village, and he expected that to be the treat. But grandmother said simply that a boy brought up to carnivals was ready, at nine, for new things. She was taking him to the Planetarium. Aaron cried softly throughout the strange spectacle. He didn't care to see stars confined and the next morning, on the way to the train, grandmother admitted that she had been wrong about the Planetarium, but promised Aaron that he should someday find his circus in the stars.

But this year he could see it at last. He could see monkeys, bears and tigers which Babylonians, Greeks and Egyptians never saw. For this year, God hadn't frozen and the stars were plain. And Acree, almost seventy, felt for the first time, that he was no longer a boy.

He slipped the lensless telescope on his gnarled fifth finger and ambled down the hill to the Bluebridge Inn. He knew he would never be lonely again and felt himself rising slightly. The footpath seemed for a moment like a funicular hammock stretching from moon to summit. He knocked three times at the inn door and then the house was his.

Host Moreland was in his element tonight. To the tune of the player-piano, he danced his annual jig and regaled the rummy players with his rendition of some old English ballads.

"I'll be staying till the end of the party, Moreland", said Acree, suddenly. And Moreland, who had scarcely finished his concert, laid both hands on Acree's shoulders.

"Of course, Acree, we're glad to see you. Though now that you mention it, it seems to me this will be the first time in all your years as sheriff that you choose to remain here beyond ten o'clock. And you look so happy."

"It's because of the sky, Moreland", he said. "I found my circus in the stars."

"You what?" asked Moreland.

But Acree didn't answer this last nor did the host press him further. And Moreland resumed the conversation in this way.

"We've a traveller with us, Aaron, a grand Pennsylvania lady. She's there, under the clock. You don't care so much for cards, if I remember correctly, so why don't you talk to her. She'll be leaving in the morning and as yet, we know so little about her."

"Oh, Moreland", said Acree, shaking his head. "It's one of your tricks, I know. What will I say to her?"

"Whatever comes into your head. She will talk unbidden, surely, once you mention the weather. And if you're stuck, Acree, take out your old flute and play for her."

The flute, thought Aaron, will save me. And away he went to the Pennsylvania traveller. He sat down beside her on the Shaker chair.

"Good evening", he said slowly. "My grandmother was a Pennsylvanian, too."

"Oh", said the lady.

"From Philadelphia. Her name was Margaret Acree."

"But I am from York", she said. There was a short pause and Acree began to reach into his coat pocket for the flute. But Moreland was staring at him so that he instantly withdrew his hand. Then he remembered the weather.

"Do you find it colder here than in Pennsylvania? It was the other way round in my grandmother's time."

"Old man", she laughed, "I see you've had your day. Or possibly, you're younger than I think."

"No, no. You are wrong. I was just a boy until tonight. Now, I am a man, at last, too old, happily, ever to see second childhood. For this evening, I found my circus in the stars." And he told her the whole story.

"I'm sorry I laughed", she said. "Is your name Acree, too?"

"Yes, Aaron Acree", he nodded.

"I am Colvin Kell", she said. "What do you do here all year round?" she asked.

"I'm the Sheriff of Draper's Valley", he said.

"What were you before this?", she asked.

"The Keeper of Thompson's Valley. And you, Miss Kell, what do you do in York?"

"Nothing, now. But once, I was an Art teacher."

"And before that?" asked Acree.

"Oh, just a dreamer, I suppose. You know, when I was a young girl, I wanted to be a lady magician."

"And you didn't become one?" said Acree.

"How could I?" she sighed, and he felt he was talking to a great lady.

Host Moreland, who watched from the other end of the room, was surprised to see Aaron Acree steeped in conversation with the strange lady. And thinking that by this time the sheriff had learned enough about her to keep them entertained for hours the following morning, he came up to them and called in his bluff way.

"We want a song on the flute! A song on the flute!"

Colvin Kell looked admiringly at Aaron as he fumbled in his pocket for his instrument. Then he stood up and began a medley of reels. The card players left the table and host Moreland led off the dance.

At twelve, the gong sounded and the reels stopped. Acree played "Auld Lang Syne" and the glasses were raised. But Aaron's eyes met Miss Kell's and he refused to drink with the other men. He walked back slowly to Colvin and sat down again on the Shaker chair.

"I used to play better," he said. When I was a young man, I was able to play any tune I heard. My grandmother sang opera arias and I was able to play these, too."

"Oh, play a song now", said Colvin, "whatever you wish!" And Aaron began to play softly. "Why, that's the 'Golden Wedding'", she said. And Aaron played it again.

How could he tell her why he did so? There could not be many years of marriage for them, of course, so the first wedding must be the golden one.

But when he put the flute back into his pocket, she rose, smiling kindly.

"I must go now. But I'll come back one day, perhaps next Christmas." And they shook hands awkwardly. Then Colvin Kell opened her purse and produced a miniature landscape.

"Here's a little gift in return for the music," she said. "I painted it when I was in my twenties."

Even the unschooled Acree could see that Colvin had nothing of the magician in her. The scene-hill, church and poplar was trite, but the imposing signature caught his eye. In the tradition of the masters, she had put down "Colvin fecit".

The following December, Sheriff Acree received a letter from Colvin Kell saying that she was ill and would be unable to visit Draper's Valley. She wished him a merry Christmas and hoped he still played the flute as well as he had the previous year. The return address was: Miss Priest's Rooming House, York and Acree sent a homemade Christmas card dipped in pine scent. He had wanted so much to see her again. But he received no answer after this. One day, thinking how lovely it would be to have a Mrs. Acree at Draper's Valley, he wrote a letter saying he would be in York a week thence.

He had brought his flute with him for she would surely expect him to do that. Knocking at the door of the rooming house, the old man new felt he was about to find treasure far more precious than the circus in the stars.

"Good day," croaked the proprietress, "what can I do for you?"

"It's Colvin Kell I've come to see."

"Ah, then, you're the Virginian, Sheriff Acree. She told me about you, Sir."

"Then, she's expecting me!" he said.

"Well, she was, she was. She told me to say, when you came, that she'd gone over town and wouldn't be able to receive you."

"Gone over town." He repeated, stunned, the Pennsylvania dialect, and he knew he had come too late.

"Now she cannot be Acree's lady", he sighed.

"I know, I know, Sir", said Mrs. Priest. "She had been so happy this last year because of you. Please come in and have supper with me."

Acree followed her into the parlour, placing his bag on a small stool, began to play his flute, and Mrs. Priest, setting the table in the dining-room opposite, heard "The Golden Wedding" rendered by an ancient prodigy.

On and on he played — the same tune with the same breath for an hour or more. Then, Mrs. Priest unwittingly said,

"My late husband also played the flute, Sheriff Acree. He didn't know many tunes, but he always put in little trills and turns so that out of every tune, he made a hundred more."

But Acree, who had rendered Colvin hopeful, answered, weeping, "Perhaps he did. But for this tune, there are no variations."

Second Prize
Poetry, McGill Daily Contest

Answer

by Jack Antell

So he talks.
Useless words
against one knuckle
of my conceit.
For I carry the legend
of an ant in my pocket —
myself,
this red or black marauder
that piles its earth
here, by no one's leave;
describing without book
or tears
the testament of these eyes,
or sometimes
your own
many-flanged body.

Honourable Mention
Poetry, McGill Daily Contest

letter from a cold woman

by Michael Beausang

Her calligraphic monotony,
Corsetted,
Inclined to the left —
The traced whale-bone
Spindles
Of Victorian frigidity.
"Spanish trains run slowly."
Her thoughts had
The uncommittal nature of an arm-cradled
Dachshund.
"The museums are wonderful
And the concerts glorious."
"Museums" — full of the taped feelings
of Egyptian mummies.
"Concerts" — for the intellect.
(From Frank Sinatra to a Franck Sonata.)
I wonder why
She wrote
Me.

Camus:

(Continued from page 9)

to have withdrawn from history. Draped in his dignity, he judges. But, Sartre says, history is not to be judged from the outside, it is to be made from the inside. There is here a fundamental opposition between the two writers. Sartre — though not communist — places his hope in a communist revolution. Camus, on the other hand, places his in the less draconian and more empiric methods, of social reform and syndicalism.

But the opposition between the two has even deeper roots. Camus indeed has never ceased affirming that he is not an existentialist. Already in 1945 he told a newspaperman: "Sartre and I have published all our books, without exception, before becoming acquainted. When we got to know each other, it was to discover our differences. Sartre is existentialist, and the only book of ideas I published: *Le Mythe de Sisyphe* was directed against the so-called existentialist philosophers."

L'Homme révolté is another attack on Sartrean existentialism. Camus affirms in it a value which transcends men, in other words, for him essence precedes existence: "Why rebel if there is nothing permanent, nothing permanent to preserve? But, there is human nature, contrary to the postulates of contemporary thought." And Camus specifies: "that value which precedes any action contradicts the purely historical philosophies in which value is conquered (if it is conquered) at the end of action." There could be no clearer proof of the anti-existentialism of Camus.

Camus thus takes sides in the great debate taking place in the western world of the twentieth century: on what grounds should the new humanism be based? How to restore meaning to the life of the humiliated? And for the youth of France, Japan, Germany and many

other countries, Camus is the master who teaches to think.

Camus the Stylist

Camus' success nevertheless would not be so great if it were not for his talented pen. Indeed, his style belongs to the greatest French classical tradition of clarity. In literary style as in life he is the man of the golden mean, the man who wants to put order in the chaos of ideas. Literary creation, according to him, requires patience and lucidity, a daily effort, self-mastery, an exact appreciation of the limits of truth, of measure and force. No wonder that he adopts Gide's famous saying: "classicism is nothing but tamed romanticism." In Camus there is nothing obscure, nothing vulgar, nothing obscure, but only the most limpid of styles. It is not without reason that Sartre has compared the style of Camus to that of Voltaire.

Appraisal

Camus is only 44. His work is far from finished. In so far as a balance can be drawn up, let us say that Camus has expressed with rare success the tension between the innate taste for happiness and the tragic sense of human destiny. Beginning with the discovery of the absurd, he proceeds to a long search for reasons for life. Rejecting God or the ideology of historicism, he bases himself on man. For Camus the first value is lucidity of thought: one must see reality as it is and refuse the opium of the illusions of traditional humanism, of the religion and prophesizing of Marxism. Hence an attitude willingly stoical, a eagerness to liberate man from all the absolutes oppressing him. Hence a tragic, but not despairing tone.

Ed's note: Adapted and translated by Claude-Armand Sheppard, Professor Rigault, of the French Department at McGill University, has written and lectured extensively on Camus at various American universities.

Poetry Review By W.T. Booth

thought and technique

Unfortunately for the reviewer, the poems in the latest issue of FORGE do not conveniently group themselves according to subject matter or prosodic technique. Therefore, to bring the poems together into a more or less meaningful relationship, I have divided them into two groups: in the first of these, the authors have attempted either unsuccessfully or with some degree of success to give form to their thoughts and emotions, in the second group the authors have advanced from the preliminary grapple with form to the exploration of a variety of poetic techniques. I am not suggesting that the latter have mastered their craft — no doubt they would be the first to disclaim any such praise — but they do write with a surer hand.

Judy Labow's "Poem" is in free verse, but apparently free verse for the author is an escape from control rather than a medium demanding from its user a fine adjustment of cadence to variations in feeling. Miss Labow does vary her rhythms, but nowhere are these variations significant. The writer's choice of metaphor (life is a battlefield) is also an unhappy one; anyone would be hard put to revive this figure of speech. However, I feel that the failure here is basically one of attitude. Miss Labow has set herself up as judge, and in keeping with this posture she has chosen to examine certain great issues of life. Her inability to meet these issues is evident in the callow judgment which concludes the poem.

Bernard Schiff's "Poem" also suffers from flabby structure. Mr. Schiff has written a "symbolic" poem, but there is nothing in it interesting enough to make one want to solve the puzzle. The one line that stands out from the rest — "We rained sweetly on the grass" — somehow echoes Dylan Thomas but leads the reader nowhere. One may guess that the author has in mind overweening pride and the consequent isolation and punishment of the proud man (he is surrounded by darkness on the hill and tripped by a "cunning foot"). His mysterious companion, the "dark haired girl" (is she his shadow, the projection of his self-love?), disappears when the sun sets. The poem ends with the rising of the moon and the return of the shadow; the speaker is left alone with his insubstantial; nothing is truly felt and nothing is really seen.

Metrical regularity and rhyme do not in themselves make a good poem, but Jane Sangster's "Mojave Desert" gains by its use of them. Miss Sangster varies her feet and except for occasional awkwardness ("far to see" in the first line and "abundance spills" in the last) the poem is pleasantly melodic. It has one striking image whose possibilities, unfortunately, are not explored. The lines, "And dusty Hell rose from the scaly ground/And gaping folds of earth, to torment me" might have communicated precisely the writer's feelings if the image had been made the central figure in the poem. The phrase "dusty Hell" is rather inflated, but the image of the serpent grows naturally from the words "scaly," "gaping," and "folds."

"Early Morning" by David Weissbrod is somewhat more ambitious. The poem is developed through the lover-beggar analogy and by the similes which link the lover's eyes with beggars' bodies, feet, and hands. These similes have the dual function of unifying the poem and of imaging the lover's desire. But the similes are not all successful (if we attempt to see the lover's eyes "cupped around" the face of the beloved the last verse paragraph becomes ludicrous), the lover-beggar analogy is unoriginal, and the attitude of self-pity seriously damages the poem. The writer might find a healthful tonic in the poems of John Crowe Ransom where the art of "brinkmanship" allows the poet to verge on the sentimental while irony prevents him from falling into it.

Claora Styron's cryptic "The Burned Boy" communicates little to me. Whether "The Burned Boy" like Robert Southwell's "The Burning Babe" symbolize Christ, I leave to the reader.

"Resolution from Despair" is

rhythmically interesting; the author has attempted to control the flow of the lines to make them accord with the development of the thought. For example, the transition here, after the second dash, is cleverly and quite smoothly made:

*There where no joy may swell
From self — pity,
Concentric rings deform the vision
Of a face beneath the waters.*

The self is a prison (the centre of the concentric rings) until patience and meditation reveal through it a "purer face" (self) whose grace grants our release. The one serious flaw (and it is a flaw in tone as well as in phrasing) is the expression, "stilled glass — like by grace."

"Pragmatism" by John Barrados falls short of being witty because of its metrical looseness. The ironic reversal at the end of the poem could have been saved from matter-of-factness if the writer had employed a strict form — perhaps the Shakespearean sonnet whose concluding couplet gives epigrammatic point to the turn in thought.

Sophistication does not sit lightly on Irving Wolfe, or perhaps the posture which he adopts at boring parties has been so often rehearsed that it is no longer very amusing. "Drink" does, however, achieve a certain whimsical irony. The spontaneous joy of sunlight in a "well-filled glass" is contrasted with the not so well-filled heads of "semi-intellectuals" (they "tinkle") and the calculated heavings of attentive breasts. The poem is slight, but the author intended it to be so.

Of the authors in the second group whose work exhibits a more intelligent interest in craftsmanship, Sylvia Barnard offers the greatest display of technical accomplishment.

Miss Barnard's verse speaks with assurance when it moves among the familiar experiences of life. The author may yet make use of the fabulous within the terms of the everyday world, but her exclusive occupation of the province of myth ("Persephone's Daughter") and her attempts to move easily between the fabulous and the ordinary ("The Forest" and "The White Princess") are not completely successful.

Miss Barnard's is a feminine world, and when the poet keeps within its framework, as she does in "Sonnet to the Future," her writing is remarkably lucid. Here image and one: the struggle of the tree upward from the soil and by analogy the struggle of youth to free itself from custom and the tyranny of emotion and desire. The quiet irony of the couplet commends itself.

I am indebted to Professor Vallilee for his helpful comments on Alan Cooke's poem as translation. For the opinions which follow, however, I am solely responsible.

Mr. Cooke has translated a poem written by Catullus on his visit to his brother's tomb. The poem is not intended as a literal translation; the author has taken what liberties he has felt necessary to bring to his poem the stately movement of the original. Apart from its fin de siècle tone, the poem has captured the gravity of Catullus's Latin verse. Moreover, some of the translator's additions are not without justification: the substitution of "Worn" in the

Prose Review By Constance Beresford-Howe

the funeral is not yet

The critics, those professional embalmers, have for the last decade been rubbing their hands as they explain that fiction will soon die. "No more vitality", they assure its friends and relatives sadly. "No place in the world for storytelling any more. Magazines are clearing all that stuff out to make room for ads. People only want to read articles on How to Succeed, and How to Survive. The atomic age, you know. Time for fantasy is gone; we have to concentrate on reality. Same thing's already happened to poetry. Now fiction's going. Sad, but there it is."

But fiction doesn't seem to be listening. It goes on, perversely enough, kicking with life. A good novel stands at the head of the best-seller list in the United States. A novel about love, of all things. The O. Henry crop of prize stories culled from magazines in Europe and America was last year of superb quality. On this campus, straws in the wind point the same way: more students applied for my Creative Writing course than last year; more of these are both gifted and hardworking; and in this season's FORGE there is more fiction and of generally better quality than there was last year. The fact seems to be that writers are as well aware as ever that life, in the atomic age as always, concerns people, and that the writer's business is the same now as before Sputnik: to interpret the impact of experience on the individual human creature. What writer is unaware that the real significance of the interplanetary rocket race is the behavior of the human beings engaged in it and the climate, intellectual and emotional they are generating around it?

The young writers in this year's FORGE are successful to the degree to which they recognize the unchanging responsibility of fiction: to portray the individual struggling with the three universal human conditions — the necessity of love; the disease of hate; and the prognosis of death.

Sometimes, of course, they fail, through lack of technical skill, or immature vision, or both. Esther Baum's little tale DELINQUENT? is too obviously contrived to be effective: it sentimentalizes grossly to make its point. On a busy street sits an armless, legless beggar. "Only when he raised his eyes in mute pleading and they brimmed full with unshed tears did the public notice him at all." He is presumably weeping at the poor eyesight of the throngs, for "None of the passers-by noticed that his legs terminated at the knees so abruptly and that he had no arms at all." The one compassionate person is a bluejeaned adolescent who drops 22¢ into the beggar's cup: the sacrifice of his entire assets. But "Mrs. M.T. Citizen" now makes an abrupt allegorical appearance to look disapproval at the swaggering "delinquent" while she hurried by the beggar clutching her purse more tightly. Thus we are asked to judge some people (Mrs. Citizen, the beggar) by appearance only; but not to judge the boy by his.

Another tale that does not entirely succeed is Peta Tancred's THE TWO OF THEM. Through a chain of brief scenes done entirely in dialogue

first line for *vecus* ("having voyaged") does suggest the devotion which brought Catullus to his brother's grave, and "earthly" (1.8), though it does not appear in the original, is an appropriate epithet, for the offerings to the dead were wine, milk,

and interior monologue, she tells of complacent John who manoeuvres to get his friend the scientist Pratt "settled" — that is, married. Sometimes deftly, by implication, and sometimes not so deftly, by direct comment, the author shows how John's latent jealousy of his friend develops when Pratt woos and wins a woman John himself finds disturbingly attractive. As soon as he learns that Pratt, newly self-confident and happy, is going to marry her, John turns in a neat but abrupt and unconvincing move, to the problem of marrying off his sister Meg. Pratt is characterized at length: we see him through his own as well as his friend's coldly affectionate eyes. But the egocentric busybody John stands upright, all of a piece and unchanging as a pasteboard figure; his mystery is never revealed.

Rowland Philipp's two stories, THE LONG CORRIDOR and CREAM IN MY COFFEE have heroes who are essentially the same person: an agreeable, rather passive young man, haunted by private fears and a childish need of reassurance. In one tale he makes a swift journey into the labyrinth of death, and in the other explores briefly and retreats from the territories of love. THE LONG CORRIDOR is well written and conveys vividly the drugged fear and pain that is bodily illness. But our knowledge of the hero in health is so slight that his rapid and all but unprotesting descent into death is not as compelling as it might be. CREAM IN MY COFFEE is a better story, illustrating as it does that living may be a great deal more difficult and possibly more tragic than dying. Here the shy, lonely young hero reaches out for what is so easy to come by, physical intimacy, with a goodhumoured waitress. But his deep need for the comfort, warmth and security of a woman's whole self given — this is not satisfied, for he is too imprisoned in his own timidity to give himself. The story ends on a quizzical note of wistful irony: a sophisticated few young writers can achieve, and which no other contributor to this issue of FORGE has matched.

THE PERPENDICULAR SUN by James Stuart is another story of love, this time not only frustrated but twisted into silence and hate. Two characters, a white man recovering from a perhaps too symbolical injury, and a black woman, his housekeeper, are suspended in a tight web of racial and sexual antagonism. The brooding atmosphere of moral and physical disintegration is very well conveyed. The situation is saved from triteness

blood, honey, and flowers. Compared with several other verse translations which I have heard, Alan Cooke's poem does not come off badly.

Daryl Hine's "Sonnets of Detection" show, of course, the steady hand of a writer who has applied

by the intensity of the author's style and his use of the dimension of the past: the hero knows that the conflict of generations past is what immobilizes him and the woman both in their impotence of hate and fear. This is a powerful story, its strokes laid down strongly and well.

Greta Hofmann Nemiroff's ABOUT BERT ISRAEL, SAXOPHONIST, JAZZMAN; A GIRL AND A BLUE-BIRD is also a love story in which difference of race establishes the main tension. But it is not written with Mrs. Nemiroff's usual fine flair for bizarre detail or myth-like action. The result is a tale which occasionally wanders into the commonplace, for its main conflict is familiar and its characters are types, made familiar by D.H. Lawrence: the dark man living by the "intelligence of the blood" and the white woman repressed by the sterile code of modern civilization. In style as well as in symbolism, BERT ISRAEL suffers by comparison with the author's own earlier work and by the companion tale THE PERPENDICULAR SUN.

The odd products of Hans Kaal's imagination are well known to FORGE readers; but I think his present story RENDEZVOUS IN THE BATHTUB is more successful than any of his previous work. The tale, as usual with Kaal, takes place half in and half out of this world. We wander with a distraught heroine through a sort of intermittent delirium while she brings her crippled child from the station to a hotel where she plans a reconciliation with her estranged husband. The sour mutual bitterness of man and wife and the deadlock of their futile hatred, expressed in the child's deformity and helplessness, generate a sort of dream in which forgiveness becomes revenge, separation intimacy and reconciliation death. The swift, grotesque images of Kaal's style, nearly always in complete control, are very effective. Few campus writers can suspend their theme so cleverly between comedy and tragedy, the crazy and the terrible. Kaal's story has, in fact, an opening sentence as masterful and splendidly zany as any I've read in years: "The evening has been full of strange events, conceived in the illicit union of the improbably and the incoherent, so Judy did not scream, nor was she even mildly startled when she first felt and then saw that she was not alone in the bathtub."

No, in its modest way, FORGE indicates that the undertakers will have to wait. Poetry many look a little pale; the essay has gone to bed with a bad headache; but fiction is feeling very lively indeed.

himself to his craft. Though the theme of the poem is abstract, it is everywhere tied to a concrete reality. We are given things to see and to which we can emotionally respond. The plot or narrative which one
(Continued on page 8)

Forge Reviews

The first issue of this year's Forge is out this week. On this page we present reviews by Professors Constance Beresford — Howe and W. T. Booth of the English Department. Copies of Forge are now on sale.

Editorials

With All Good Wishes

Like everyone else we are generally happy to see Xmas coming up; this year however there is a peculiar added pleasure. The sprouting of posters and other versions of that merry old gentleman, Santa Claus, has served to reaffirm our faith in this society. We had been quite concerned over what seemed to us to be a trifling with history; quite in opposition to the known facts commentators all over the West had been saying that a dog called Laika was the first space traveller. Now, however, grownups seem to be remembering what any little child could have told them — that Santa has been riding through the skies, without need of a space suit, for years.

Christmas has a unique magic; it is a season of hope and good cheer when most people are willing to put aside their cares for a while, to worship, and to enjoy themselves with simple faith. On the occasion of the greatest gift of all a star heralded the arrival of one whose message was in terms of love, peace and charity amongst men. Let us not forget that message, let us not give up hope, lose charity, prejudice peace and forswear love just because a new modern star has appeared in the skies. That star could be very misleading to those who treat it as if it signalled the arrival of a new god on earth.

To one and all we say most heartily, "Merry Christmas and Best Wishes for 1958."

Law And Order

There are not supposed to be problems of discipline at a University. Students at such an institution are expected to behave in a manner befitting their alleged maturity and seriousness of purpose. Lecturers should not have to be concerned over whether or not their students will listen to their lectures. McGill students are generally a well-behaved lot, but it appears that there are exceptions.

We have heard that all is not well in the Law Faculty, that not all law students have the respect for law and order which should be their basic ethic. We understand that one class in particular has become so intolerable and unruly that several lecturers have been forced to leave lecture rooms in which students made it impossible for them to teach. There have been persistent and cruel practical jokes played on members of the staff. We are told that one class president has had to apologize to the Faculty for the behaviour of his electors on more than a few occasions. Fun, however childish, is fun, but when it interferes with the educational process, then it becomes contemptible. All is not law in the Law Building. This can bring no credit to the student body.

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thought and technique (from page 7)

expects in a sonnet sequence moves smoothly to its conclusion.

The poem has to do with the search for an identity destroyed by the sin of omission — an "absolute delinquency" the poet calls it. Murder and victim are one. Put in other terms, the crime is the wilful separation of the physical and the spiritual, the denial of genuine human sympathy and feeling resulting in the divorce of body and soul whose marriage was, after all, only one of convenience. The crime cannot be hidden: it appears in the face — the gorgon's paralysis of the feeling body ("blood congealed"); it is committed within our comfortable environs ("A pied-a-terre grown civilized"); it will not be forgotten:

*Then live in terror lest it rise up,
stained*

In such a way as to incriminate.

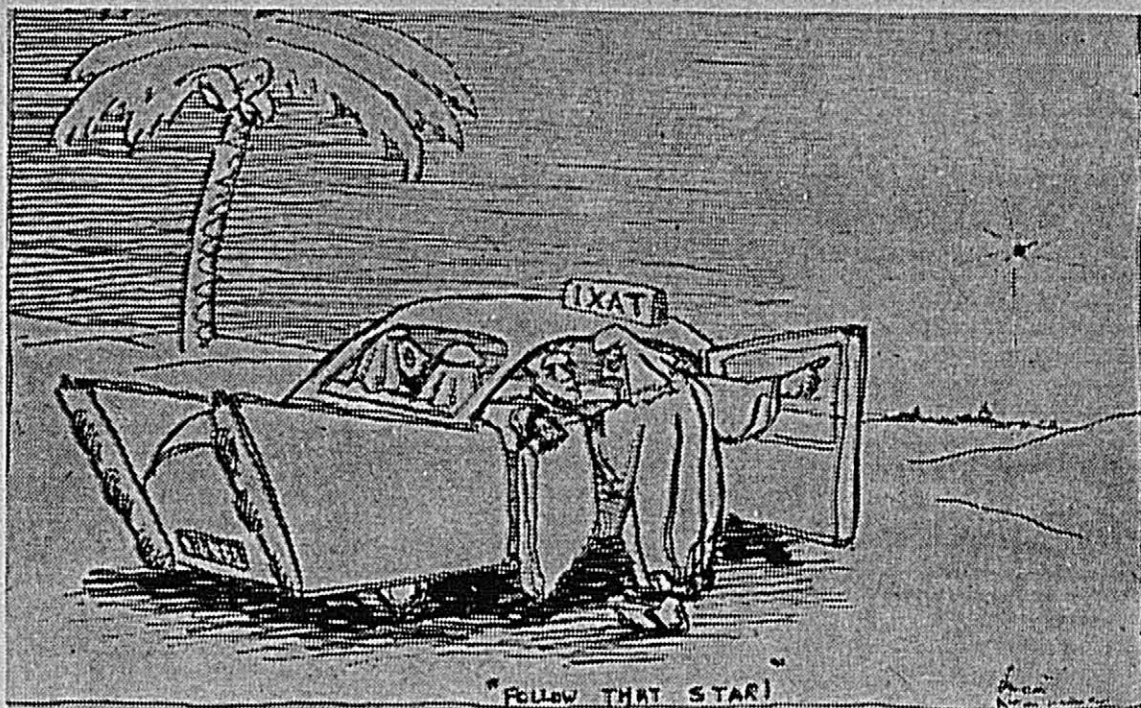
*For ponds are perfect but they
may be drained,*

And everything will not incinerate.

*From the undetected mound will
spring*

*A sapling circled with a
wedding ring.*

(There is an admirable concentration of theme in the images here). The poem ends ironically with the statement that the identity of the murderer-victim lies in his faults and that the only expiation possible — his naming of these faults — is at the same time the substance of the charge: "indecent exposure of the heart."



Camus: The Measure of Man

by Michel Roy

So much has been said or written about Albert Camus, conceptions and intentions so varied, so contradictory and so removed from the truth have been attributed to him that it has become difficult for someone who has not read his books to find any consistency in his work. Thus, to refer only to the wide-spread opinion which associates him with Sartre's existentialism, some in North America have wondered why the Swedish Academy attributed the Nobel prize to the creator of the disturbing notion of the absurd.

In truth, it is first and foremost the moralist which the Swedish Academy wanted to honor in Camus, the European writer whose work is not only an exceptional testimony to the torments of our era but also proposes a rule of life to men.

Few men have been able to achieve so successfully this rare equilibrium between the penetrating lucidity of the thinker and the active courage of the human being in revolt against injustice; between the sense of measure which he draws from his Mediterranean origin and the misery of men faced with murder erected into a system; between human disillusion and the hope for better days. Camus has always obstinately rejected the comfort of contemporary illusions because (as he wrote during the German occupation) "to search for truth is not to search for what is to be wished". Let us retrace the development of his thought.

Notion of the Absurd

After having published "L'Etranger", in which we saw a man in the throes of the absurd, torn between the dualism of mind and nature, Camus explained the year after (1943) in his "Mythe de Sisyphe" what had to be understood by the notion of the absurd.

Having discovered the absurd "which is born from this confrontation between the human call and the unreasonable silence of the world", and which resides in the divorce between man-rational being who aspires to clarity — and the universe, which is irrational and unreasonable, Camus examined the possibilities of a solution. He rejected suicide which abolishes the problem without solving it; he also rejected religious hope which, being founded on faith in God, in his eyes, constitutes a form of escape, nor did he withdraw into a nihilistic despair which would be a negation of the deep aspirations of man, aspirations which, on the contrary, Camus seeks to emphasize. Revolt, such is the solution Camus offers to man in his struggle against the absurd.

The notion of the absurd is, for Camus, no more than a starting point. "I have never thought," he said in 1951, "that one could remain in that position. Already when

I was writing the Mythe de Sisyphe, I was thinking about the essay on revolt which I would later write." Why then did he burden himself with this notion of the absurd? Like Descartes, he wanted to make tabula rasa, practice doubt as a method, to question everything from the point of view of a feeling (of the absurd) which all men in our age have felt at one time or another, in some degree or other. In any case, he never believed that the world and man were altogether absurd. "This world itself is not reasonable, that is all one could say about it. But what is absurd, is the confrontation of that irrational and that mad desire for clarity..."

Revolt is the living and dynamic refusal by man faced with his absurd fate. It is a matter of conserving the acquired values of man: conscience, lucidity, intelligence, of preserving the difficult equation: on the hand, the conscience of man, the need for clarity, the appetite for greatness and unity, and, on the other hand, the unreasonable silence of the world, the irrationality of the universe, the incoherence of humanity.

This is no doubt a difficult position. Camus understood this very well, and, in 1951, in the most important of his works, "L'Homme Révolté" he pursues "with respect to murder and revolt, a reflection begun earlier with respect to suicide and the notion of the absurd." If one can put aside suicide, one recognizes value in life and, from then on, it becomes impossible to legitimately murder. This is the first precept of a morality which Camus will attempt to elaborate, using as a starting point the notion of the absurd in life, a morality which will be based on man, on man alone, and result in a type of stoicism.

Camus's Dilemma

Camus seeks to solve the disturbing dilemma in which his notion of the absurd places him: if everything is absurd, nothing has meaning, and man can indifferently choose between good and evil, "poke the crematory ovens... or devote himself to the care of lepers... malice or virtue are hazards or caprices." Camus cannot accept this alternative. The cry of Ivan Karamazoff — "If God does not exist, everything is permitted" — is not a deliverance for him. Indeed the rejection of God is "bitter" because it would be so convenient to have a God to give meaning to life. Man is alone in the universe. But the absurd does not allow him to do evil freely. It invites him either to crime nor to immorality since complete freedom does not mean "that nothing is forbidden."

While revolt results from the meeting with the irrational, every

revolt implies a value judgment; it supposes something which man cherishes. In rising against that which constrains or oppresses him, man understands that he has that "something" to preserve which he calls his liberty and his right, his destiny or his happiness, his dignity or his independence. He rises against what denies it. Those values, Camus states, are permanent and common to all men since revolt is not limited to the oppressed and often sweeps as well the mere witness of oppression (the outsider) who does not allow that man be reduced to slavery. In refusing to be humiliated, man wants to preserve the very something that makes him man, he revindicates a human order in which all the answers would be human, that is, formulated in reasonable terms. On the metaphysical level, man protests against his fate on an earth where he sees himself frustrated by an unreasonable, irreducible creation.

The morality of the revolted man will thus consist in fighting the absurd which is now called injustice and misery, is claiming injustice, in protesting against a universe of unhappiness by creating happiness, in opposing his love to the hatred of men and, through his deeds and his life, in seeking the measure of man, that is, in rejecting the absolutes engendered by history: totalitarianism or a revolution which enslaves those it aims to free.

Camus rejects Christianity because it seeks outside the human world the cure of evil and murder similarly rejects communism which also calls upon faith in the kingdom on earth. Man in revolt against the absurd in his life cannot find satisfaction in the fate of the revolutionary nor in religious hope.

So the rebirth of a new civilization must be centered on man, it must be at once lucid and generous, conscious and active and concerned with justice. It must rediscover the joy of creation in the workshop of the artist as well as in the factory. It must remake the "soul of our age" without excluding the positive contribution of Marx and Nietzsche, nor anything which the intelligence and energy of Europe have endlessly furnished to the pride of a miserable age. It must be according to the measure of man and stop at the limit of man. Only thus can man reconquer the "meagre harvest of his fields, the brief love of this earth" because he will have been abandoned by "adolescent furors" of his epoch.

Ed's note: translated and adapted from the French by Claude-Armand Sheppard. Michel Roy is with the French section of the Canadian Press News Agency. He is the author of a work on Camus.



Albert Camus

Introduction

by C.A. Sheppard

For the ninth time since its creation, the Nobel prize for literature has gone to a French writer: to Albert Camus. No other nation has ever won so many. While the award is a further proof of the effervescent vitality of French letters, it is above all a testimonial to the extraordinary and modest man who is its recipient, and to his growing influence as a thinker and writer.

An indigent childhood in Algeria, star of a soccer team, victim of tuberculosis, underground leader, prominent theatrical producer and director, actor, famous newspaperman and editor, novelist, playwright, essayist and now one of Europe's most powerful intellectual voices, such has been the story of Albert Camus who, at 44, is the second youngest winner of the prize.

It is not primarily as a writer that Camus has achieved the stature he occupies today. The philosophical and moralistic overshadow the literary aspects of his works and even his most famous novel — *La Peste* (The Plague) — is a brilliant moral allegory.

The evolution of his thought is analyzed in the accompanying articles. The starting point is his discovery of the absurdity of human fate of the meaninglessness of life. This terrorizing realization haunted men before. But far from seeking the usual escapes, Camus rejects what he considers to be the illusory hopes of religion or marxism. Avoiding the pitfalls of existentialism, he formulates a stoic humanism whose principal and sole value is man himself.

The awareness of the absurd condition of man is the awakening, the rebellion against absurdity. This rebellion is not one of despair fizzling out in a fatalistic acceptance of human fate. Life may be absurd, there may be no God and marxist hopes of a paradise on earth may be deceiving, but there is one value left: man himself. The new morality will be a Hellenic one, moderate and designed to foster brotherhood and emphasize the dignity of man.

To North Americans all this may mean very little. Ensnared as we are in a self-congratulatory way of "life" serviced by a wishy-washy religiousness which, like tranquilizers, soothes without curing, we have never yet had to come to grips with the fundamentals of human existence. And yet, despite our smugness and thoughtless optimism, or perhaps because of it, Camus's atheistic humanism may one day not be alien. It is perhaps significant that it is in Germany, Japan and Spain, disturbed, aimless, meditating countries — that Camus is most extensively translated.

As a writer, while being on the whole a very good stylist in the great classical tradition, Camus is not yet a literary giant. In fact, there has been some dissatisfaction with the award. Many have felt that the older Malraux or several others in France were more deserving candidates. Camus himself said that the award should have gone to Malraux (who, many feel, will one day get it).

But it was not so much the writer as the moralist that the Swedish Academy was consecrating. A glance at its official statement leaves little doubt. It speaks of "an authentic moral commitment which leads him to attach himself with daring and with his whole person to the great fundamental questions of life." And it qualifies his writings as "bringing to light the problems facing human conscience today."

It has even been suggested that the choice of Camus was partly a stamp of approval of his anti-colonialist stand in Algeria and consequently a deft political warning to France. It is no coincidence that the first sentence of the statement of the Swedish Academy alludes to the North African situation.

But this does not detract from the fact that Camus is one of the most important and most thought-provoking writers of today and one who cannot be ignored by reflecting men.

Ed's note: Material for these feature articles on Camus was compiled and edited by Claude-Armand Sheppard.

Albert Camus:

Quest For Happiness In An Absurd World

by Prof. André Rigault

1942: publication of *L'Étranger* (The Stranger); 1957: Nobel prize in literature. In fifteen years Camus has walked with giant steps on the road to literary glory. It took less than that to make him a victim of legend. *"L'Étranger"* (1942) and the *"Mythe de Sisyphe"* (1943) which placed him in the foreground of French letters, are works in which he reveals the absurdity of our life. It was immediately said that Camus was the philosopher of absurdity. And yet, Camus' work opens with a call for happiness which he has never ceased to make.

"When I happen to search for what is fundamental in me, it is a taste for happiness that I find... In the middle of my work, there is an invincible sun. It seems to me that does not constitute a very sad way of thinking." Thus Camus. Indeed, from his very first essay — *Les Noces* (1938) — joy in life, search for pleasure, exaltation of the body, quest for happiness, a type of sensual pantheism dominate, and will remain the underlying themes in Camus's entire writing.

Discovery of the absurd

But Camus soon discovered the fragility of happiness. Is not happiness absurd? It is so close to death which is its negation, a death Camus already feels in his body. He, the adolescent, burning to bite "in the golden fruit of the world" discovers with amazement that he is tubercular. This absurdity of which he had had an inkling even when life was gratifying, he now feels in his conscience, and he rebels. Death has appeared in the universe of Albert Camus.

"To discover the absurdity of life cannot be an end but only a beginning," Camus writes in 1939. This notion of the absurd becomes for him a type of immediate notion of conscience: "Waking up, streetcar, four hours of office or factory, meal, streetcar, four hours of work, meal, sleep, and Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday on the same rhythm; this road is easily followed most of the time. But one day the why arises and everything begins in that lassitude haunted by astonishment." One day reality becomes disgusting. That is what Camus calls the "awakening."

On awakening man discovers the absurdity of life and nothing else. It is the only certainty. The absurd is truly the "cogito, ergo sum" of Camus, and it is on that basis that he must build a philosophy and a morality. Yet from his discovery that life is absurd, Camus does not draw the conclusion that it is not worth living. He rejects suicide. He also rejects hope. Both suppress lucidity, awakening, the contact between the conscience of man and the blind mechanisms of life.

Rebellion

Rejecting suicide and hope, Camus adopts rebellion. It is not romantic rebellion, nor a blind and instinctive reaction. It is a conscious step towards an aim: to serve lucidity. Only rebellion against the absurd "gives price to life and restores its greatness."

And herewith reappears the theme of happiness. Life is absurd, devoid of meaning. All aims have lost their value. To look to the future is to be deceived. One must throw oneself into the immediate. Being without hope, we are free. We can concentrate on each passing moment. Happiness consists in the quantity of moments relished.

The hero of Camus refuses all absolutes and accepts a relative happiness. Being lucid, he knows he will not overthrow the walls of

absurdity and he will not seek to leap over them; he accepts the narrowness of his destiny. Like Sisyphus, he rolls his rock knowing that it will roll back, but knowing also that it is part of his human dignity to display his strength on the slope of fatality. Camus adds: "One must imagine Sisyphus as being happy."

Contradiction

However, events will force Camus to confront his practical conduct with his philosophical attitude. There is war and German occupation. Camus takes a prominent part in the underground group "Combat." But this choice to fight for freedom and justice places him in contradiction with his philosophy of the absurd. If everything is indifferent, if nothing has meaning, why does he fight? Why should men accept to risk their precious, single existence in a fight devoid of meaning?

Camus cannot escape the contradiction. He tries to resolve it in *Lettres à un ami allemand*, written in 1943 and 1944. He says: "I continue to believe that this world has no superior meaning. But I know that something in it has meaning, and that is man, because he is the only one who seeks to have it... What is it, to save man? It is to give him a chance at justice which he is the only one to conceive."

These lines are a striking proof of the evolution of Camus. He reintroduces into the universe a value which gives meaning to action. So, not everything is absurd in the world. The perfect logic of the *Mythe de Sisyphe* has cracked.

The problem of evil

Camus has not only discovered justice, he has also discovered other men. Thus, with *"La Peste"* (1947) we pass to a deeper plane, that of evil and suffering in the world. This insidious evil, spread by rats, infects the whole city and one does not know in the end whether we deal with an illness of the body of one of the soul.

What is the origin of that evil? Camus discharges men from all responsibility. Not being religious, he could not give it a religious origin (Satan). Camus places evil in a world where man is alone. What then is the origin of evil? He hesitates to answer, but it seems clear that it is not entirely congenital, and that it can be overcome: "evil in the world almost always comes from ignorance." An attitude very close to that of the century of Enlightenment.

Whatever its origin, one must struggle against evil, against the plague. The three main characters in the story have different attitudes, and it is not difficult to see who enjoys Camus' sympathy. It is undoubtedly not Father Paneloux, a Jesuit, who, while participating in the struggle or the medical teams, accepts the plague as a terrible sign of God's hand, which is a way of accepting the absurd destiny. Tarrou and Rieux are not Christians. Without worrying about God, who does not exist for them, they only want to help men to live and believe in the power of man against his destiny. Thus is raised in *La Peste* the old problem of atheistic humanism.

Doctor Rieux no doubt is the spokesman of the author. He looks for sanctity neither with God nor without God. He says: "It is an idea that may make you laugh, but the only way to fight the plague is honesty... I don't know what it is in general. But in my case I know that it consists in doing my job, my job as a doctor."

It is important to underline here the role played by the doctor in Camus' work. It is probably a desire to consider evil as an illness, as if undergone from the outside, and also the determination to fight effectively against it by means of positive knowledge and by the appropriate use of techniques. It is also the admission that the victory over evil, as victory over illness, will be limited, temporary, endlessly to be undertaken again. The only thing is to begin the struggle anew like Sisyphus pushing his stone. But Sisyphus is no longer alone. Around him are the best and most lucid of men sacrificing their personal happiness for that of others.

Lucidity

Camus seeks a morality whose first condition must be lucidity. One must see things face to face; the world and men are such as they are; avoid any overvaluation or underestimation. Honesty presupposes patience. His motto is: "there is no need to hope in order to undertake, nor to succeed in order to persevere."

All this appeals not to heroism but to modest qualities. The fight against the plague does not require dramatic actions but efforts tirelessly repeated from day to day. Tasks without glare: that of the doctor caring for the body, that of the teacher fighting ignorance.

Thus it is a type of middle morality that Camus proposes: good will rather than heroism, health rather than salvation, humanity rather than sanctity.

"*L'Homme Révolté*" (1951) is a milestone in the search for a middle way. Against every romanticism, against every absolutism, Camus calls for tolerance and modesty. The most saddening vice is that of ignorant pride which thinks it knows all and allows itself to kill. To predictions and prophecies he opposes reasonable probabilities; to the absolute he opposes the relative. "Nothing, nothing is pure! That is the cry which has poisoned this century." Modern man has been too often duped by ideologies and promises of paradise on earth. He rejects intransigent principles. Everything is NOT possible. He rebels against the very excess of revolt. His thinking on this point has something deliberately common and down to earth, as if his whole effort were to protect himself against illusion and to stick to a realistic view of human possibilities.

Against fanaticism

One must love concrete, existing men more than humanity; life more than the idea of life. Camus does not seek to judge or condemn; he only wants to return to a moderate "de-moralization." The rebel will thus fight every type of fanaticism. His rebellion is not romantic, it distrusts exaltations and excesses. Camus sees himself as the descendant of the Greeks who taught the sense of limits, or relativity. The rebel will reject all extremes, that of the mystic as well as that of the revolutionary. He wants to remain the brother of men and refuses to be the slave of a God or a philosophy.

Sartre and Camus

Of course, Camus' attitude is open to attack. It might be said that Camus has pure hands because he never uses them. This is exactly what Jean-Paul Sartre — author of *"Les Mains Sales"* — made the starting point of his sharp attacks on Camus. From the marxist or para-marxist point of view which is Sartre's, Camus can be considered

(Continued on page 6)

Montreal Neurological Institute

by Bryna Rosman

There is a building up on the hill near Pine Avenue which citizens of McGill and Montreal pass daily. If one or two question its existence, it is written off as another section of the Royal Victoria Hospital. The building often remains unfamiliar to the passerby — yet it has carried the names of McGill and Montreal to the far corners of the world.

It is significantly in keeping with the attitude of the Montreal Neurological Institute staff that it remains unobtrusive to those interested in "famous buildings". For their pre-



Dr. Cone, (extreme right) demonstrates techniques used to move paralysed patients.

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occupation with the vital work carried on there, leaves little time to provide the general public with "human interest" stories. And indeed this is unnecessary, for people who seek relief from illnesses of the nervous system are soon directed here, in the knowledge that they will get the best attention possible.

Separate University Department

It was on October 6, 1933 that His Excellency, the Right Honourable, the Earl of Bessborough, Governor-General of Canada, laid the corner-stone for the Institute, and on September 27th, 1934, the doors were officially opened to the public.

Previous to this, in the year 1928, Dr. Penfield and his associate Dr. William Cone, arrived in Montreal to form with the famed Drs. Colin Russel, and F.H. Mackay, and their associates at McGill, a University Department of Neurology and Neurosurgery. The programme of this department is today carried on at the MNI under the Faculty of Medicine, and includes both undergraduate and post-graduate courses in these branches of medicine.

From the year 1928, till 1934 when plans for a separate institute were finally realized, the department remained in the Royal Victoria Hospital. Then, through the efforts of Dr. E.W. Archibald, the Rockefeller Foundation became interested in the project, and decided to give the money required to build one half of the MNI — the research centre. At the same time, the Foundation donated a permanent fund of one million dollars, the income of which was to go to the Department of Neurology and Neurosurgery for future scientific research. This support was matched by the Province of Quebec and the City of Montreal under the leadership of Premier Louis A. Taschereau and Mayor Camillien Houde, who came forward with funds to build the clinical half. They were helped by the interest and generosity of such people as Sir Herbert Holt, J.W. McConnell, (who later donated funds to build a new wing, as well as forming the Lilly Griffith McConnell Foundation for Neurological Research) Walter Stewart (whose name is familiar around McGill) and four other donors who remained anonymous. Thus, the Montreal Neurological Institute came into

being, composed of two separate parts: — public hospital and research centre.

Division and Cohesion

The operation of one institute on these two separate levels has remained the dominant characteristic of the MNI, and the assimilation of the two for the benefit of the patient, the prime objective.

The men and women doing laboratory work, designated as Fellows, have finished preliminary training and come from all parts of the globe to work in the Neurophysiology, Neuropathology, Neuroanatomy and Neurochemistry labs. A glance at the pages of any Annual Report of the MNI shows names of graduates from all parts of the world — Europe, Asia, South America, and all areas of the United States and Canada. Both laboratory and clinical staff include highly qualified, carefully selected members of the medical profession. Every year some excellent personnel must be turned away, because of the surplus of applications received.

The reasons for which clinicians and research men choose the MNI vary. Undoubtedly, many come here because of the reputation which the Institute has gained in a comparatively short time in the scientific study of epilepsy and other branches of Neurology and Neurosurgery. As inherently necessary in medical research, the staff acquires information by virtue of co-operation with men from all other neurological units. Nevertheless, the names of Dr. Wilder Penfield in brain surgery and the scientific study of epilepsy, Dr. William Cone in work on brain tumours and spinal cord lesions, Dr. Herbert Jasper in experimentation with electroencephalography, encourage men to come here where they will be able to pursue study in a particular field to the best advantage.

The clinical staff are all graduate M.D.'s specializing in Neurology and Neurosurgery. They may gain experience on the Neurological Services in problems of diagnosing and medically treating acute and chronic disorders — congenital abnormalities in children. Multiple Sclerosis, degenerative diseases of the brain and spinal cord. They may learn, on one of the Neurosurgical Services, the intricate techniques of brain and spine surgery, (the greatest part of which is concerned with the treatment of brain tumours); also the detailed use of brain stimulation in the course of operation for the treatment of certain types of epilepsy (worked out here in the greatest detail) which has been very productive of information.

The Ivory Tower

The world of brain research is to most of us a mysterious and intricate conglomeration of electrical waves and chemical reactions. But it was only thirty years ago that electrical activity in the brain was discovered at all. When it was realized that one could learn a great deal about the brain from its electrical activity, interest developed in recording these waves, so that a laboratory method could be used for studying patients with brain lesions. This recording of brain activity is known as electroencephalography (or EEG) and is done mostly from the surface of the skull, although recordings are taken as well directly from the cortex as an operative procedure in localizing areas of the brain producing epileptogenic discharge.

The EEG lab was built at the MNI in 1938 with the help of the Rockefeller Foundation, and since that time EEG has become established as a routine clinical procedure, as well as a focal point of brain research.

Dr. Herbert Jasper, head of the EEG lab and Neurophysiology at the MNI explained that research is divided into two groups here, the first being clinical investigation, and the second, basic research into physiology of the nervous system.

Most intense in the field of clinical investigation have been the studies on epilepsy and on cerebral tumours. Findings and new techniques can thus be employed without intermittent delay of transmitting information from labs to clinic. Also important among areas of study, is the investigation of electrical activity of the muscles and nerves in Cerebral Palsy Children, in attempts to improve methods of physiotherapy. Dr. Jasper pointed out that although we have similar waves, they differ greatly in normal individuals, so that the first major problem is to discover the variations of normal activity. For example, it has been discovered that identical twins have the same wave patterns. However, many variations of normal patterns are still not clear, and these must be investigated before the abnormal can be well understood. Interestingly, wave changes in disease are more definite than normal variances, and the type of disorder in some instances may be distinguishable by differences of EEG discharge.

Research projects in various basic disciplines concerning the nervous system are constantly under way. For example, psychological aspects of brain leave dysfunction is being studied by Dr. Brenda Milner, Clinical Psychologist, often with the help of a Fellow from the Department of Psychology, where similar problems are being studied from different angles by Professor Hebb, and his staff. Investigation is being carried on both clinically and in the laboratory to deal with problems of localization of function of the brain, that is to say, which parts of the brain are concerned with vision, hearing, memory, etc. Electrical study of connections between the various parts of the cortex is also being conducted, and recently interest has developed in studying brain mechanisms related to states of consciousness, and the parts which are responsible for these states. Right now most of us know when a person is unconscious, but there are different levels in both the states of consciousness and unconsciousness, which, it is believed, can be measured by electrical discharges.

Dr. Jasper mentions another area with which any student who has taken an introductory course in Psychology is acquainted; studies are being conducted on electrical activity in learning and memory, and on how the brain selects objects for attention.

A major basic research programme, which is staggering when one considers the comparatively short time that Neurological research has been a distinct, separate field, is the work in Microphysiology of the brain. This involves the development of a means of recording the electrical activity of a single nerve cell by placing an ultramicro-electrode on the surface of a nerve cell in the brain without damaging it. The analysis of individual cells is proving, according to Dr. Jasper, to give a wealth of information on brain activity that ultimately will greatly improve our knowledge of the meanings of wave patterns in the EEG. The studies are important in studying both normal and abnormal activity in brain cells, in learning what stimulates activity of these cells, and equally important, what inhibits nerve cell activity.

In co-operation with Dr. Elliott and the staff of the Neurochemistry laboratory, extensive work is being done on the relation between the electrical activity, and the chemistry of the brain. The research Fellows and their chiefs are working with chemical substances that excite or inhibit activity, and the chemical processes that are important for various aspects of normal and abnormal nerve cell activity.

Many have heard of Multiple Sclerosis, but few realize the insidious nature of the disease, its protracted course, and the disabling, paralyzing effects it has on the individual. The cause of this disease is unknown. Studies directed both toward the cause and the treatment are being carried out in the M. S. Laboratory under direction of Dr. J.B.R. Cosgrove.

Studies on the pathological aspects of the nervous system are carried out in the Laboratory of Surgical Neuropathology under the direction of Dr. Cone, and in the Laboratory of Medical Neuropathology under the direction of Dr. Gordon Mathieson, who has recently come from Aberdeen, Scotland, to take charge of the work in this laboratory.

In all the research work, clinical evidence is considered in no small measure. To this end, complete histories of all cases are kept as permanent records, and the non-professional staff, whose job it is to make these clinical records retainable, and who keep in order, are an integral part of the work going on at the MNI, and are recognized as such.

Teaching

Less dramatic, but no less important are the teaching activities of the staff of the Institute. These concern both the undergraduate or medical student teaching, and the graduate teaching of specialists in both clinical and basic laboratory aspects of the nervous system. In the medical students' preclinical years the fundamentals of the anatomy, physiology and pathology of the nervous system are taught in combined courses in co-operation with the Departments of Anatomy, Physiology, Psychology, and Pathology. In the two clinical years, the fundamentals of clinical neurology and neurosurgery are taught by the clinical staff of the Institute.

At the graduate level a succession of doctors from all over the world have been trained as neurologists, neurosurgeons, neurophysiologists, electroencephalographers, neuroradiologists, neuropathologists, neuroanatomists, and neurochemists. Many of them now hold important teaching and research posts in medical schools and hospitals in their own countries.

— a world within a university —

The Nature of a Neurological Institute

Much confusion still exists as to the exact purpose of an institution like the MNI. Quite commonly Neurology is held to be synonymous with Psychiatry, and the word "nerves" is thought of in connection with neurotics or psychotics.

Dr. Theodore Rasmussen, Professor of Neurology and Neurosurgery in McGill's Medical Faculty, and Deputy-Director of the Institute, was helpful in clarifying some of the differences between Neurology and Psychiatry.

Dr. Rasmussen pointed out firstly that a psychiatric institute (like the Allan Memorial Institute for example) deals primarily with "functional disorders", that is disorders for which no physical basis has yet been found. The patient's behaviour is the important factor. He may, because of some emotional problem, display behavioural traits considered abnormal by our society, and cease to function adequately in his environment, even to the extent that he loses contact with reality. Psychiatrists in co-operation with psychologists work directly with the patient to help him regain the ability to meet the problems of everyday living.

A neurological institute like the MNI is, on the other hand, devoted primarily to studying and attempting to cure organic disorders of the nervous system, disorders which can often be studied with the aid of the microscope and other lab equipment. Here a psychiatrist may serve to help patients in solving secondary problems arising out of their organic condition, for example the variety of emotional problems which sometimes accompany the discovery that one has epileptic seizures; and psychologists may work in research, an example being a presently ongoing project to study behaviour of individuals before and after brain surgery. But the emphasis at the MNI remains on the organic, pathological, and physiological aspects of the nervous system.

There was a time when the "neurologist" took care of all problems of the nervous system, but then with the advent of Freud and psychiatry, the pendulum at first swung to the opposite extreme. Although Freud himself advocated the detailed study of physiological phenomena in explaining behaviour, psychiatry was considered a separate discipline and was widely practiced without a medical degree.

However, in the past few decades, the realization and discovery that drugs may physiologically influence behaviour, and that biochemical imbalance is a factor in mental illness, has brought psychiatry and neurology closer together. Now it frequently happens that patients apparently organically ill are found to be psychiatric problems, and are transferred from the MNI to the Allan, and vice-versa.

Of the future, Dr. Rasmussen says, "We believe there will be a progressively closer liaison between the two fields, but the investigation of the symptoms will continue to be sufficiently different in scope and techniques so that Psychiatry and Neurology probably will not merge again as a single specialty in the foreseeable future.

The MNI and the Community

The day has gone when a hospital can exist as a completely separate entity, a fact that is appreciated by the officials of the MNI. The doctors and nurses work in co-operation with the Social Service Department to extend the hospital's work beyond the point of active treatment only. At the Institute, where so many patients are admitted with brain lesions, or brain injuries, epileptic seizures, and chronic or de-

generative disorders, sometimes resulting in paralysis, the problem of adjustment is an urgent one. Therefore, the work of the Social Service Department, contrary to popular opinion, is centred around many more complicated activities, than financial aid.

Miss Joyce Beatty, Director of Social Service, noted that the key word of this department is probably "rehabilitation", which she thinks of as "a restoration of the patient to maximum function and usefulness within the limits of his condition." Since the types of illnesses treated at the MNI are so often disabling, very similar problems of adjustment confront private, semi-private, and public patients to the same extent and financial matters are not paramount. However, there are many cases where financial worries may hamper the recovery of the patient, and at these times the problem becomes one for the Social Service Department.

A patient is not considered cured at the Institute until he is rehabilitated. The doctors and nurses start this process over and above their other duties, by giving the patient every opportunity, as his condition permits, to be independent. Unfortunately, many families with the best intentions unconsciously destroy this feeling by being overprotective. Families, in this case, are made to realize that they are the "buffers" between the patient and a sometimes unsympathetic community, and as such, they should treat the patient in a manner by which he will most feel he is a useful, needed member of society. The mother in a wheel chair ill with Multiple Sclerosis, is still very important to her children as confidante and adviser; the family, although not told what to do, are made to see what they themselves can do to keep the home going as smoothly as existing circumstances allow.

This problem of bridging the gap between hospital and normal life is tackled not only by case workers and the patients' families, but key figures in the community such as ministers, teachers, and family physicians are also called upon. The ultimate aim is to help the patient become rehabilitated in his own home where he can relax in a familiar and friendly environment.

Sometimes this is impossible, because of the necessity for physical and occupational therapy, or because of adverse conditions at home, in which cases the patients are referred to one of the rehabilitation centres either in Montreal or in their own home town. Referral of patients to such centres is an important part of the MNI's contact with the rest of the community, and planning for patients' discharge is done in close co-operation with other social agencies.

An Ancient Affliction

The MNI medical staff and the Social Service Department have an added problem not common to most hospitals. Because of the Institute's success in the scientific treatment of epilepsy, people have come from literally all over the world to seek help. Accommodations must be found for them and often their families in a strange city, sometimes a strange land, and they seek advice on how to deal with the social implications involved in suffering from seizures.

It is sometimes difficult to believe the stigma attached to individuals suffering from epilepsy. There are many who today still believe as it was believed in the middle ages, that epilepsy is synonymous with mental illness. The belief used to stem from the notion that in both instances the individual was possessed by the devil, and although this myth no longer exists, the emotional overtones connected with seizures

still persists to a certain extent in most communities.

Thus for the patient's emotional and physical well-being a first step is control of his seizures. Today, many types of epilepsy, are successfully controlled by medications, and for this reason, there is an added incentive to prevent major disruption of normal living, by beginning control early.

Children and Prevention

Prevention of social and emotional problems in the epileptic to a large extent is centred children around afflicted with "petit mal" and "Grand mal" seizures. In the case of the latter type especially, the reaction of other children — and adults as well — to the victim, may well be one of fear and disgust. To people who are unfamiliar with seizure patterns, and who do not know that in fact the victim is in no danger (and will behave normally as soon as the attack passes) the incident can be a shocking one. This might well result in rejection of the known epileptic by his school-mates, and the development of subsequent emotional and social problems. Some children are forced to leave school, despite average or intelligence, and even though seizures may be infrequent. It is worthy of mention, that epileptic seizures in themselves have no adverse effects on the mental capacities of the individual. He can be as normal in his behaviour and intelligence as any other person.

Fortunately, many teachers show tolerance and understanding of this condition, and both the Catholic and Protestant schools have spontaneously referred children to the MNI Epilepsy Clinic for help. It has been shown also, that in cases where the teacher is well-informed and sympathetic, the other pupils are very co-operative as well.

Adults and Employment

With older people, the problem is more intense. There is much difficulty in employment especially, and the patient suffering from epilepsy is faced with the painful dilemma of the risk of losing a prospective job by telling his employer of his condition, or of keeping it a secret, and hoping that he will not have a seizure during the workday. Doctors and case workers try to encourage the patients to reveal their condition, but they are often sadly aware that many employers are intolerant.

Dr. Francis McNaughton, Neurologist-in-Chief at the Institute, who is also head of the Seizure Clinic, described some of the employment circumstances as "heartbreaking", and stressed the need for some type of sheltered work-shop. In such a place, these people could be excellent workers, he added, citing as an example a case in which an aircraft factory during the war hired known seizure patients, and their records proved far better than those of the regular employees, for they realized and appreciated the value of a job.

On the optimistic side, a large percentage of seizure patients are today well employed, to the extent that a Night Clinic had to be inaugurated to take care of the working people.

The latest addition to the community has been the now well-known helicopter service, which flies emergency cases into Molson Stadium from various outlying areas. This service has from its inauguration at the MNI been the special interest of Dr. Cone, who although weighed down by heavy operation and laboratory schedules, has on occasion flown himself to bring back a patient.

MNI — Living and Growing

One might well ask how such diverse activities can adequately be carried on under one roof, and the answer lies both in the excellent



Day and night accessibility

choice of staff, and in the outstanding way in which authority is delegated. There is a refreshing lack of pettiness about the place, but a feeling of common purpose, not only among the professional staff, but between professional and non-professional staff as well. And although it has been argued that such a relationship can only be found in an academic environment, it is indeed encouraging to find it here.

There is at the MNI a devotion — not to a material entity — the Institute — but to an intangible, living ideal; — that of combining knowledge and experience of men from all parts of the world of being

constantly on the best for new techniques related to neurology, and above all, of transmitting as much knowledge as possible from experienced minds to those most capable of learning. In this way, the work of the senior staff will not be in vain, but serves as a stepping stone to still further information in an expanding field. In this spirit did the pioneers of the Institute develop it, and because of it will the MNI continue to flourish.

Ed. note: This feature was compiled and edited by Bryna Rosman, a third year Honours Sociology student.

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Jingle Bells

*women's world*By Helen Kydd
Women's Editor

Once again the songs on the radio, the decorations downtown, the weather, and the calendar tell us one thing — Christmas is coming. You can even sense it around the campus. People are talking about going home, people are talking about Christmas parties, people are talking about the mid-term tests the professors always give the last day before the holidays. Christmas is here.

The other day a stray letter came across our desk, and we are afraid we opened it by mistake, for which we apologize humbly and profusely. Anyway, here's what we read:

Dear Santa Claus,

I am a freshette at McGill University and I live in Royal Victoria College, 506F 6th. Main. I come from a very long distance so I won't be able to go home for Christmas this year. You know, there are a lot of people like me who have to stay here all through the Christmas holidays. I guess that's the only time I am ever really homesick, Santa. Because I don't care what they say about the Christmas spirit having died out and all that, Christmas is something special, and it just isn't the same unless you are with your parents. They are very nice to us here, though. We get special leaves all through the holidays, and Christmas dinner, and everything.

As I was going to say, Santa Claus, they don't have chimneys here, but maybe you can crawl through the steam radiators. I do hope you will visit me, because there are so many things I would like to have.

First of all, I would like a nice pair of knee socks, because everybody, but everybody has to have a pair of knee socks, and they are so nice and warm in the cold Montreal winter. I think maybe a pair of purple and orange checked ones would be nice, or rainbow stripes.

Secondly, I would like a crib to my mid-term exams. No, I shouldn't say "crib" because that is cheating, but let's say I would like a nice efficient, quick, labourless method of studying for my exams, because they come up right after Christmas. And I'm petrified, really, because I haven't done a smitheren of work so far (I've been getting adjusted to college, you know) and, let's face it, I want to be able to enjoy my Christmas holidays, not have to study.

By the way, Santa, I might pass along a few tips to you that I heard the other day; you might be able to use them in your business — about what to give your favourite boyfriend, father, brother, grandfather, cousin, nephew, uncle, next-door neighbour, newspaper boy, etc. etc. They are the latest things on the market, and apparently any man would just love to have any one of them — thing like a plaid case for a baseball bat, personalized poker chips, a musical cigar box which will play the entire record of Christmas Carols just put out by E.P., a dispensing machine for shaving lotion with a year's supply of five different scents, or a goon-skin tie. Really, what is the other sex coming to?

Speaking of men, Santa, there is one present which I would really, really like to have. You know how hard it is for a freshette just coming to college to meet people when she doesn't know a single person. Frankly, Santa, I have hardly met a single soul (male that is) since I've been here, and I'm afraid I'm stagnating. As they would say elsewhere, I'm in a Rutnik. So Santa, I would very much like to wake up on Christmas morning and find a nice new boyfriend in my stocking — short, fat, and blond, if possible. I'm tired of hearing about tall, dark and handsome men. But don't forget, Santa, that men can't come into R.V.C. after twelve o'clock, so you will either have to send him in before midnight or bring him in through the steam radiator with you.

Then of course I would like to have the usual things which no girl in her sane mind would want — a fifteen and a half pound Teddy Bear, a fifty-two ounce jar of cleansing cream, a candy cane long enough so I can have one-eighth of an inch every night after supper from now until the end of the term, etc. etc. etc.

But there is one final thing I wish, Santa. And that is that for just one day all the people in all the countries in all the world will forget about their Sputniks and their Mutniks and their Butniks, etcnik, etcnik, etcnik, and will try to understand and to practise the real meaning of Christmas. Is that asking too much, Santa?"

In all fairness, we will not print the name of the author. And now it's time to go. It's almost Christmas, and it just seemed like yesterday when we were registering, and when we come back it will be 1958. We will simply say, "Merry Christmas". See you next year.

CONFERENCE ON EDUCATION SCHEDULED FOR FEB. 17-20

In response to the long-felt need for a truly national conference of both educators and laymen to examine the needs of education in Canada, the Canadian Conference on Education will be held at the Chateau Laurier in Ottawa from February 17 to the 20th.

On the opening day, the Conference Chairman, Dr. Wilder Penfield, will address the delegates and speakers and highlight some of the problems facing education in Canada today and those likely to face it in the next decade. Two days of workshop sessions will follow, during which all aspects of education will be discussed and conclusions will be drawn. In the final day's plenary session, the workshops will present their reports and recommendations and the Conference will pass resolutions based on the work of the first three days.

The Conference is unique in Canada in size, in the scope of its subject matter, and in representation. Laymen interested in education will represent labour, agriculture, business and industry, women's and professional bo-

dies and other groups. All areas related to education will be represented — from primary school to university, and from school trustee to parent-teacher groups. It will be of the proportions, relatively, of the White House conferences on education in the United States.

700 DELEGATES

Some 700 delegates will attend, including representatives not only of the sponsoring organizations but of other groups, such as the Canadian Bar Association and the Canadian Medical Association, which have asked that they be allowed to participate. All available meeting space has been taken up and it has been necessary to limit the delegates.

SUMMER EMPLOYMENT

The Placement Service is now registering students for employment in the summer of 1958. Registrations will be accepted only at the following hours: —
9:30 — 11:30 a.m.
2:30 — 4:30 p.m.
Monday through Friday

Old Printing Shop Is Inaugurated In Library Basement

The Redpath Press, a working printshop in which all the type is set by hand and the printing is done on hand-presses more than a century old, had its inauguration on Friday, Dec. 6. It is not, however, expected to ruin The Daily's circulation.

The print shop, which is set up in the basement of the older part of the Redpath Library, duplicates the main features of a printing house of the 19th century. Richard Pennington, university librarian, demonstrated the operation of the old presses to Dr. James and other members of the staff.

PAYS TRIBUTE

Mr. Pennington personally printed the program for the event using the old equipment and paid tribute to William Colgate of Toronto — "a historian of Canadian printing" who helped the university acquire much of the machinery and set up the Redpath Press.

Dr. James said that the course in typography made possible by the equipment will be of great value to present and future students of the Library School.

NO KNOWLEDGE

"It is of course possible to produce librarians without any knowledge of printing at all, just as the director of a shipping firm need not necessarily have gone to sea", Dr. James said, but he added that anyone who anticipated spending his life with books, especially old ones, "should know how the books were produced".

Hillel Announces Holiday Program

The Channukah Festival, which commemorates the rededication of the First Temple by the Maccabees after their defeat of the Syrian forces of Antiochus, will be ushered in on Tuesday evening Dec. 17 with the kindling of the first Channukah light and will continue until the evening of Dec. 25. The Channukah lights will be kindled throughout the Festival at 5:00 P.M. at Hillel House, 3460 Stanley Street.

FULL PROGRAM

A full program of activities has been planned at Hillel to express the spirit and meaning of the Festival. On Monday, Dec. 16 at 1:00 P.M. Eileen Myerson will lead a Song-Fest in the Exhibition Room. The highlight of the week's activities will be a discussion led by Rabbi M. Lewittes of the Young Israel Synagogue on "The Changing Fortunes of Channukah" on Tuesday, December 17.

On December 18, at 1:00 P.M. a Senior-Novice debate will be held on a witty topic. On Friday, Dec. 20, at 1:00 P.M. the Bible Reading Club will discuss the Apocryphal Books of the Maccabees. Traditional Channukah meals will be served at the canteen throughout the Festival. All are invited to attend the above programs especially designed to celebrate the Festival of Lights.

Charity Tree Now Erected In Union

As in former years, the Board and Committees of the McGill Union will erect a Christmas tree in the lobby of the Union. The purpose of this tree is to provide a means whereby the students of McGill can place Christmas presents to be distributed to those less fortunate than themselves.

All students are asked to place toys, cigarettes, candy, books, etc. under this tree for distribution to the Veterans and underprivileged children of the city. All gifts should be suitably wrapped and labelled whether it is to go to a man, woman, boy or girl.

The tree will remain for collection of gifts from Dec. 16 to Dec. 20.

FROST RECORDINGS

Recordings of the talk given by Robert Frost in Moyse Hall December 9, 1957 will be available to those who wish them. McGill Recording Service, 3851 University St. Montreal.

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H.R. Drummond, Former Governor Of McGill, Dies

Huntly Redpath Drummond, Governor of McGill University from 1920 to 1949, President of the Canada Sugar Refining Company, President of the Bank of Montreal, and friend of McGill, died last week.

Mr. Drummond took an active interest in affairs of the University throughout his life. He took a special interest in the Redpath Museum, and made several donations towards its operation. He was also a donor to the Archibald Cancer Research Fund.

Mr. Drummond and Lady Drummond administered the Guy Drummond travelling scholarship during his term on the Board of Governors and for a long time after his resignation.

The University paid tribute to its friend by bestowing an Honorary Doctor of Laws degree upon him in 1943.

Huntly Drummond was the grandson of John Redpath who founded the sugar industry in Canada in 1854. The Redpath family made many generous donations to the University, and many of its buildings bear the Redpath name. Although there are no buildings bearing the Drummond name on the University premises, the City of Montreal named one of its streets after the famous family.

The University flag flying at half mast serves only as official recognition, but he will be remembered by his former associates and friends for a long time.

Teachers Trounce Cagers; Return Engagement Saturday

by Bob Rosenfeld

McGill Redmen suffered their third crushing defeat of the season last Saturday at Athletics Night I. New York State Teachers' College ran roughshod over coach Joe Anderson's cagers to the tune of 94-62. The Plattsburg visitors outthrust and outshot their taller opponents to gain their fourth consecutive exhibition victory over McGill. They led 40-26 at the half.

Once the game got underway, Plattsburg took the lead and left no doubt about the eventual outcome. Playing a tight man-to-man press, the teachers bottled up the McGill attackers and used fast-breaking plays to account for most of their scoring. Actually the Redmen did not play as badly as the score might indicate. They have height and ball-handling ability but are lacking in the essential point-getting department. The seniors seem to be more powerful this year than in previous years (we say this every year), and should show well in the Canadian Intercollegiate competition. They have the bench strength which they have always lacked.

HIGH SCORER

High scorer for the Redmen was All-Star guard Don Wright with 19 points, seven of which were collected from the foul line.

Other high point-getters were bucketman "Jut" Cross and Leon Duplessis with 14 and 11 points respectively. Johnny Thompson and Tim

Leary netted five points a piece Gordon, Richards, Miller, and of course George E. Rosenberg turned in commendable performances for McGill. Of the team's total, 22 points were collected on foul shots.

Plattsburg's points were distributed fairly evenly between eight players which shows that they have a well rounded club. Kukie and Potter led the victors with 20 and 17 points respectively.

This Saturday night the Redmen travel to Plattsburg to try to pick up their first victory of the season and to gain revenge over the same Teachers' College. The squad have all their big guns out for them. This will be the last exhibition match before the league opener on January 11th against the Toronto Blues.

Orphan Party To Be Held By IFC

The Inter-Fraternity Council, which consists of 18 fraternities, and the Pan-Hellenic Council, which includes eight sororities, have collaborated to sponsor a Christmas party for a group of 150 orphans from the Holy Cross Orphanage. The party will be held Saturday, Dec. 21 in the Union Ballroom, and has been made possible by a generous donation from Labatt's and donations of food and soft drinks by other local organizations.

The children will be brought to the Union by bus. They will be greeted by Santa Claus with presents for everyone, after which refreshments will be served, followed by group games, and a supper. There will be a party in the evening for all fraternity members and their dates, with dancing to the music of Mike Dodman, who is sent through the courtesy of the Musicians' Union, and free refreshments supplied by Labatt's.

In the past, fraternities have held Christmas parties for orphanages and needy groups but these have always been individual efforts. It is felt that this Christmas party will bring the fraternities closer together as well as doing a great service both to the university and to the city of Montreal.

A needy group has been selected and approximately 150 children will attend the Christmas party. Movies, games, refreshments, and gifts have been provided for these children.

Cafeteria Serving Christmas Turkey

The McGill Union, in keeping with holiday festivities will serve a turkey dinner in the cafeteria next Thursday between 12 and 2 o'clock. The menu will include turkey soup, roast turkey with cranberry sauce, mashed potatoes, and green peas. Minced meat pie as well as plum pudding will also be served. The price for this holiday meal is only 75 cents.



FRIDAY, DEC. 13

SPANISH CLUB: The Annual Christmas Party will be held in the Union Lounge from 8 pm to 1:30 am. Spanish Christmas Carols will be sung. All members as well as non-members are invited.

MONDAY, DEC. 16

PRE-MED: Meeting at 1 pm in room 250 of the Biology Building. Movies will be shown.

SCIENCE FICTION SOCIETY: A meeting will be held today at 1 pm in the Union Workshop to discuss the Fanzine.

THURSDAY, DEC. 19

INDIA CANADA ASSOCIATION: Film "Munna", with English sub-titles, will be shown in the P.S.C.A. at 8 pm.

FRIDAY, DEC. 20

MONTEREGIAN GEOLOGY CLUB: Party in the Clubroom of the Union at 8 pm.

CABINET MINISTERS TO ATTEND McGILL "SECURITY COUNCIL"

"I think that you are to be warmly congratulated on this worthwhile undertaking," wrote the Hon. Sydney Smith to the McGill United Nations Club regarding the Model Security Council to be held January 16, 17 and 18 on the campus.

Prominent Cabinet Ministers and M.P.s have accepted to participate in this venture. Opening is scheduled for Thursday at 8 pm and a banquet finale will take place at 6 pm Saturday. Sessions will be held for the three days and a Russian film will be shown Saturday afternoon.

About fifty delegates from colleges in the United States and Canada will participate in this annual event sponsored by the U.N. Club. Dartmouth, University of Toronto, M.I.T., Yale, Harvard, Columbia, St. Lawrence University, Sir George Williams College, University of Montreal, and McGill have been invited to attend. Nations represented on the Security Council up to January, 1958 will be represented by the students who will present policies on their countries. A cup will be donated to the college

who best represents his country's views and one will be given to the best delegate. Advisors from nations represented on the Security Council will also be present to voice the policy of their respective countries.

Brott To Conduct Yuletide Concert

The forthcoming concert given by the McGill Chamber Music Society under the direction of Alexander Brott, will take place on Wednesday, December 18, at 8:45 pm in Redpath Hall. The program will feature two works especially written for Christmas. The concert will open with the Christmas Concerto by Torelli.

The Christmas Cantata by Alessandro Scarlatti will be sung by the guest soloist, Pierrette Alarie, world renowned Canadian artist and leading soprano of the Paris Opera.

"Paris Christmas" Will Be A Ball

To aid the start of Christmas festivities, the Cosmopolitan and French Clubs have combined preparations for a Christmas Party tonight. The theme will be "Christmas in Paris" and to capture this atmosphere all are invited to come dressed as they think suitable. Music will be provided by the Guy St. Louis Orchestra. The Party will be held in the Union Ballroom commencing at 9 pm.

Students To Tour RCA Laboratory

The McGill Students' Physics Society is sponsoring a tour of the R.C.A. Transistor and Miniature Tube Laboratories in connection with the lecture delivered by Dr. Pullan at the last meeting.

The tour is scheduled for the afternoon of Tuesday, Dec. 17. All members are invited; interested first and second Engineering and Arts members should contact Giulio Venezian at RE: 1-6598 after 6 pm.

Canterbury Holds Christmas Services

A special Christmas service for McGill students will be held next Sunday, December 15, in Christ Church Cathedral at 7:30 pm. The service will be a new venture by Canterbury, the Anglican Church on the Campus, to encourage all university students to worship together at this significant season of the year.

The Very Rev. G. Hasted Dowker, Dean of Montreal, will take the evening service, and the Rev. Reginald Hollis, Anglican chaplain to McGill will be the guest preacher.

Lessons from the Old and New Testaments will be read by Principal F. Cyril James, and by H. Digby Clarke, a second year law student, and president of Canterbury. Other members of Canterbury will act as sidesmen at this student service. A feature of the evening will be a selection of Christmas carols sung by the McGill Choral Society.

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"Drop in, and make sure we mean what we say."

Smoke Signals

by Eric Rennert
Sports Editor

"Santa Claus Is Coming To Town"

After listening to these famous words on a radio program last evening we decided to take out our Christmas stocking and prepare for the long awaited visit of a certain jolly old gentleman with whom every one is very well acquainted. This jolly old fellow, slated to arrive in these parts in less than two weeks, has a horrid annual habit of somehow managing to overlook the athletically-inclined personages in and around the Department of Athletics here at McGill.

Keeping in mind Santa's urgent need for suggestions as to what these people would most like to find in their stockings on Christmas morn, we diverted our energy to the awesome task of writing poetry and have came up with the following subtle hints: (To the tune of 'Mr. Sandman')

"Mr. Santa,
Bring us some cheer,
Bring lots of titles throughout the New Year;
We win the small ones with great regularity,
But in the major sports we throw games out like charity:
Santa, we don't ask too much;
It's just a football crown that we'd like to touch,
For twenty years now the Yates Cup has gone elsewhere;
Our barren trophy room could hold more silverware:
Santa, just one more thing,
Hockey and hoopster wins could you perhaps bring;
Please lead on our Redmen teams,
Mr. Santa, bring us these dreams."

Nuts to the Poem, but oh those Dreams!

This is our first try at imitating Robert Frost, and we figure there's still some room for improvement. But the theme is sound, and though we may be labelled idealists it's said that 'where there's a will, there's a way'. Perhaps St. Nick can show us that way.

All of this nonsense brings us to the question of individual stockings, and what to put in them. Here goes; to HARRY GRIFFITHS — a full time publicity staffer to keep the World informed about what goes on hereabouts, and a good way to READ the benefits of two dinners held at the same time on the same evening in different buildings.

LARRY SULLIVAN — a ball team that goes 60 minutes at full speed with the same efficiency in both halves, and eight beefy linemen courtesy of Paul Brown of the Browns to bolster what apparently will be a rather meagre front wall in '58.

ROCKY ROBILLARD — an attack of Asiatic flu in the camp of the Toronto Leafs so that old friend Billy Reay is forced to recruit a number of Varsity Blues hockey players, and a potent forward threesome so that an effective Redmen effort can be mustered with three lines rather than the usual two.

JOE ANDERSON — Wilt 'the Stilt' Chamberlain, and a quintet that shoots for a good percentage both on field goals and foul shots during the same game.

Help Needed From U.S. Armed Forces

ROSS FIRTH — a draft call from the American Army for Varsity's Bill Yorzyk, winner of two gold medals in swimming in the last summer Olympics.

HOWIE RYAN — four new athletic fields for his intramural programme, and a plastic dome to cancel cancellations of scheduled activities.

JOHN CHOMAY — a couple of more tasks to keep him occupied, and a track coaching manual for his Calgary 'belle'.

AL MALLOY — his teams always win without any gifts.

BILL WILSON — school spirit and a packed house next fall on Friday nights or otherwise.

Lest this all get too boring, we conclude with a serious message. The past three months have been stimulating to say the least. We figured the football Redmen had the goods to win. They didn't, but they gave it all they had and more. We were satisfied with their effort, and we were disappointed when the Redmen ship went down for the last time. The ship will be afloat again next fall. To the Water Polo team, champions for the fourth consecutive year, congratulations. To the Rugger team the same. To all the McGill teams, and to all of you, Season's Greetings.

Women Skiers To Get Instruction

The Department of Physical Education for Women is holding a "Ski School" at St. Adele from Monday, January 6, to Friday, January 10. The approximate cost of the Ski School is \$30.00.

The time for acceptance of applications has been extended to to-day 2:30 pm. Applications will be considered now from students who were unable to attend the ski conditioning exercises due to class conflicts. Application forms may be obtained from and returned to the Physical Education Office for Women at R.V.C.

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Daily...Sports

Friday, December 13, 1957

Hansen Wins Double Award; Sigurdson, Brown Honoured

by Fred Seligman

Carl Hansen, speedy halfback for the McGill Redmen, walked away with top honours at a banquet honouring both the football Redmen and the high-school All-Stars, which was held at the Sir Arthur Currie Gymnasium on Tuesday evening.

For the second year in a row, a player picked up double honours. Last year, it was Sam Yuska, a 5'11" end from Hamilton, Ontario. This year it was bashful Hansen who was awarded the W.S. Lee Memorial Trophy as the most valuable player for the Redmen and the Fred Wigle Trophy as the most sportsmanlike player on the team. Coincidentally, Yuska hails from Hamilton while Hansen toiled for Hamilton College last year.

Before the season started, the first year medical student was picked by most of the experts to be the "Ronnie Stewart" of the League. Although Carl only picked up one TD, he was one of the biggest threats in the Intercollegiate league. The sports writers over-looked him when it came to All-Star rating; yet Hansen had one of the best rushing averages in the league, was one of the best kick-off returners, ran back punts and did his share of down field tackling.

RAE BROWN WINS AWARD

Rae Brown, one of the finest people anyone would want to meet, was awarded the Lois Obeck Trophy as the most improved player on the squad. Coaches Sullivan, Robillard and Cicia have always expressed the opinion that Rae is one of the easiest players to handle. He has all the natural ability necessary for the game and remarkably enough never played football until he came to McGill four years ago from Cardinal, Ontario. A fourth year Science student and an All-Star middle guard Rae might return to McGill next season.

The winner of the best lineman award was Len "Siggy" Sigurdson who picked up the Touchdown Club Trophy. Siggy is a Western product hailing from Winnipeg and is one of

the most rugged men on the team. An All-Star lineman, he played the latter few games of the season with one of his arms taped heavily due to a previous injury.



Rae Brown



Len Sigurdson

WILL SEEK PRO OFFER

Sigurdson is to be graduated this spring from Engineering and this is definitely his last year at McGill. Sigurdson has declared his intention to play pro football if a suitable offer comes his way but is waiting until the professional drafts are announced before he makes any final decision. A clubhouse comedian, he is also a bruising defenceman on Rocky Robillard's hockey team.

Included among the head table guests were Lou Miller and Vern DeGeer of the Montreal Gazette, Ted

Workman of the Montreal Alouettes, Fred Urquart of the Montreal Protestant School Board, Harry Griffiths and John Chomay of McGill and coaches Sullivan, Cicia and Robillard.

Trophies were given out to the high-school All-Stars and to the most valuable players and movies of the East-West All-Star game of 1956 were shown.

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F.I.S. WORLD CHAMPIONSHIP SKI TEAM

For The Femmes

by Freda Lang

SKIING ANYONE? The M.W.S.A.A. Ski House is open to all women of McGill and their friends. The house is conveniently situated in St. Adele near the Chantecler where skiing is excellent now that there is snow on the ground. The cost is very reasonable: 50¢ per day and 50¢ per night. The food bill is shared by the occupants. The house can accommodate 14 people. At least 6 must go up in order for the house to be opened. Reservations should be made in advance with Mrs. Letto in the Phys. Ed. office in RVC. The office is not open daily between 12:30 — 2:00 pm. Reservations slips may be obtained on the notice board.

TWO ADDITIONAL ENTRIES: Originally four numbers were to be entered in the Synchronized Swim Competition to be held on Saturday, December 14, at the Palestre Nationale. An additional two have been included. "The Pool of Tears" and "The Royal Barge" will compete for the Roy Ashworth Team Trophy. For the Twin Trophies, the duets to compete are "Cuban Cavaliers" and "Les Gais Bouffons"; while the solos to enter are "Alice", from "Alice in Wonderland", and the "Paradise Flower".

STATISTICALLY SOUND: It has been found that squash is the most popular sport on the McGill campus. It has the greatest number of men and women participants. McGill is the only member of the Women's Intercollegiate Athletic Union that has a squash team. The only other university to have squash courts is Western. That makes a grand total of two! That is the reason for not having an Intercollegiate meet.

WOMEN PLAY ICE HOCKEY TOO: Ice hockey, thus far, has had a very good turnout. The final games to be played before the holidays are: Tomorrow, 5 pm, Thetas vs Dg's, and 5:30 pm, Science vs AOPi. The lone game on Wednesday, December 18 at 1 pm is to be played between AG's and Arts. It is necessary to be prompt in order to avoid default. Unlike previously, there will be a referee at tomorrow's game.

RIFLERY CLUB RUNNING WELL: This club is a small one, having only 10 members. The girls shoot for bronze, silver and gold pins, put up by the Dominion Marksmen. Phil McLaren, president of the Men's Rifle Club has been the coach. Besides helping with the use of the usual "22's", he demonstrated the pistols. (You never know when these might come in handy!) Phil will be back, by popular demand, for four weeks of the next term.

THE BASKETBALL CLUB has been most active this term from the first intramural practices and games to the opening Intercity duals in the Montreal Women's Open Basketball League.

In Intramural play on Mondays, McLennan Hall are the section leaders. There is, one came yet, to be played between Physical Education and Nums. The Thursday Intramural Champions are the R.V.C. Ground Floor East gals. The play-off between Monday and Thursday Section will be arranged next week.

The Intercity opener saw fast action in both Senior and Junior games last week. The McGill Reds battled their way to tie up the score mid-way through the final quarter 35-35, but the "Y" players made an end game drive and netted 7 points to win the game 45-38. The standouts for McGill were Nadia Pavlychenko, Judy Harrison and Margaret Back and for the Y.W.C.A. Di Barras and Gwen Lord.

The Juniors were slow in starting but moved up from under the first quarter score of McGill 10, Y.W.C.A. 12 to outscore and outplay the "Y" Juniors by the score of 64-31. The Y.W.C.A. high scorer was Julie Legani 21 points and McGill's high scorer was Jean McMichael 23 points.

Games this week

Dec. 10 (Tues.) McGill Whites at Macdonald at 6:30
Dec. 12 (Thurs.) Whites vs. Reds at 8:30

On Saturday Dec. 7th the Junior team travelled to Burlington Vermont to compete in the University of Vermont Play Day. The first game, played against Castleton Teachers College, resulted in a low scoring game with the Teachers winning 9-7. In the second game McGill were lost behind a tower of strength in the fine passing and playmaking game performed by Linton State College. The State College won 21-6. McGill's final game saw the score seesawing back and forth in an evenly played game with University of Vermont. The score at the last whistle was University of Vermont 13 and McGill 12. After winning every game of the day, Linton was the undisputed champion.

NO MORE "Dailys" till New Year; Since this is the last Daily before Christmas, sports schedules for the last week of the term will have to be procured from the notice board in RVC. Merry Christmas to all!

Season's Greetings

from the Sports Department

Poloists Regain Championship; Swamp Blues 21-13 In Series

by Leonard Waxman

Ross Firth's sharp-shooting McGill Redmen water polo squad brought the Herschorn Trophy back to McGill last Saturday night for the fourth consecutive year when they won the Canadian Intercollegiate water polo championship by edging the University of Toronto Blues 10-9 in Toronto. They thus won the two-game total point round by a 21-13 score.

Bernie 'Topper' Toporowski led the McGill attack with six goals. The Redmen's other four goals were evenly divided between captain Charlie Evelyn and Bill Manning. Alex Benedek was the Blues' high scorer with three tallies, followed by Knobby Hill, Art Binner, and George Watkin with two markers apiece.

FIRST QUARTER LEAD

The Red and White jumped off to a quick 6-2 first quarter lead. However Toronto drew first blood in a very unique manner. A McGill player, in attempting to pass the ball back to goaler John Chabrol, whistled a beautiful shot into the upper right hand corner of the goal. The Blues' Knobby Hill was credited with the goal. The Redmen, with two goals each by Manning, Evelyn, and Topper, surged ahead to take a 6-1 lead. Watkin of the Blues then counted, making the scoreboard read 6-2 as the teams switched ends.

Toronto outscored McGill 3-1 in the second quarter to narrow the gap to two goals. Binner with two markers, and Benedek with one, counted for the Blues, while Topper was the lone Redmen marksman. The half ended with McGill holding a narrow 7-5 edge.

McGill noticeably slackened their pace in the second quarter. The referees began to eject the Redmen for overswimming, which is only a major foul inside the four yard line. The rules state that in the case of overswimming, possession of the ball should be awarded to the non-offend-

ing team. The Redmen, often playing shorthanded, could not organize an attack and became discouraged.

BLUES APPLY PRESSURE

The Blues maintained a steady pressure in the second half, outscoring McGill 4-3, but their rally fell one point short. Toporowski tallied all three Redmen goals, while the Blues' markers were garnered by Benedek, Binner, Hill, and Watkin.

McGill goaler John Chabrol, who played well in goal, received good protection from guards Ed Adelson,

Brahm Gelfand, and Serge Morin. The forwards, Toporowski, Evelyn, Manning, Rod Roy, Gordie Phillips, and Jim Gaston all played their usual steady, high-scoring game.

Ross Firth and his boys must be saluted for the fine brand of play which they provided for their supporters all during the season. So as winter descends, and "the pool freezes over", we doff our hats and extend congratulations to the water polo team which brought another championship to 'old McGill'.

Invitation Tourney Entrants Named

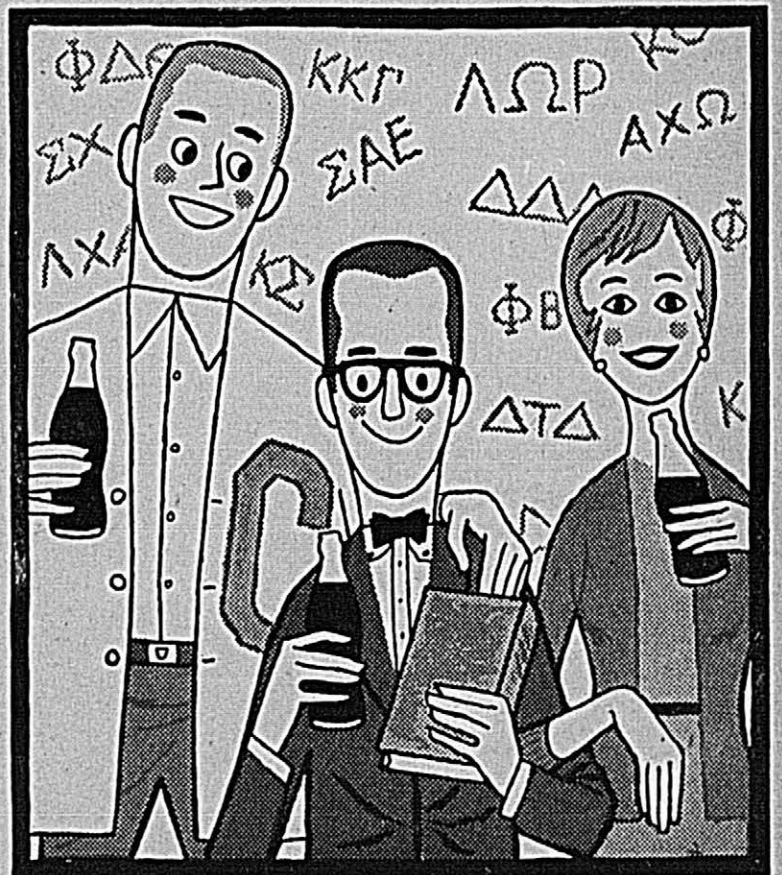
John Chomay, Chairman of High School Promotions, announced yesterday that eight High Schools have accepted the invitation to participate in the McGill Invitation High School Tourney. They are West Hill High School, Catholic High School, Loyola College, Verdun High School, D'Arcy McGee High School, Westmount High School, Lower Canada College, and Town of Mount Royal High School.

It is hoped that the tourney will foster interest the forthcoming Scholastic hockey season. It will also give the McGill Athletics Department a chance to look over some possible future prospects for the McGill teams.

The Tourney will be held at the McGill Winter Stadium on December 26. Tickets will be available at the schools who are participating and at the McGill Athletics office.

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10 P.M. to 2.30 A.M.

DOOR PRIZES AND FAVOURS

Cabaret Style

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McGill vs U. of M. Tonight

HOCKEY REDMEN BATTLE WITH CARABINS FOR FIRST POSITION IN SENIOR LOOP

The McGill Redmen will make their initial start of the season at Winter Stadium this evening when they tackle the University of Montreal Carabins. Game time is 8 pm and the Maplewooders will be the home team.

This is the second league game for the Redmen. Last week they overpowered Laval 6-3 in a joust played at Quebec City. Over the weekend Robillard took his boys to Ann Arbour, Michigan where they played a two game exhibition series with University of Michigan. The games were played according to American rules which to a certain extent hampered the play of the Redmen. In the first contest, the Redmen came out on top by a 3-2 count with Dickie Baltzan, Don MacDonald and Len Sigurdson tallying for the Big Red Team. In the second game, the Redmen, trying to use some of the tactics of the American boys, found that they did not work, and were shut out 4-0. The American squad, by the way, is made up almost entirely of Canadian talent.

REDMEN IMPROVED

Judging by their pre-season exhibition games, the Redmen looked to be weak in some departments. However, the boys have rounded into excellent shape and have been playing well in their last few games. Much of the credit for their recent performances is due to coach Robillard who consistently gets the most mileage out of his boys. It should be pointed out that Rocky has a distinct disadvantage in having only two lines to rely on in a close situation. Robillard, therefore, has been playing his first line of Konyk, Baltzan and McGregor alternatively with the result that

by Fred Seligman

this line has been playing thirty minutes and more a game. This strategy worked perfectly in the opener against Laval. His first line came up with all six goals — with Baltzan the spark of every goal. Baltzan, incidentally, was nicked for some stitches in one of the games below the border.

Doug McGregor who is taking Ross Hughes' slot on the power line seems to be picking up right where Hughes has left off. The second line of Irvin, Saunders and Lawes has also been playing well.

DEFENSE STEADY

The defense has been performing steadily with Doug Maule, Don Mac-

Donald and Sigurdson turning in their usual fine jobs. Bruce Smith, who for some reason or other, seems to be an under-rated player has also been turning in bruising efforts. The other night in practice he was nicked by team-mate Joe Irvin's stick and received a nasty gash around the upper lip. He should, however, play in tonight's contest.

Turning now to the Carabins, they have played one league game, also against Laval in which the Montrealers squeaked out a 4-3 win in overtime. In the nets they have a new goaler in the person of Dan Cagger who is taking over from the brilliant Cy Gouvernement was not used in the team totals. who toiled many seasons with the Cara-

Redmen Boxers Tie With Dartmouth Wrestlers Do Not Fare So Well

The McGill boxing team led by captain Pierre Raymond split the team points with Dartmouth College team on Dec. 7, at Athletic night. Raymond won his bout by virtue of a T.K.O. in the second round. Dick Hinton, one of the best prospects on the team, also scored a T.K.O. in the second round of his bout. Other winners for McGill were Ed Nourse, and Denny Repole. Losers by decision for McGill were

Pete Thompson, Harry Weissman, Don Rockingham, and Tom Houton.

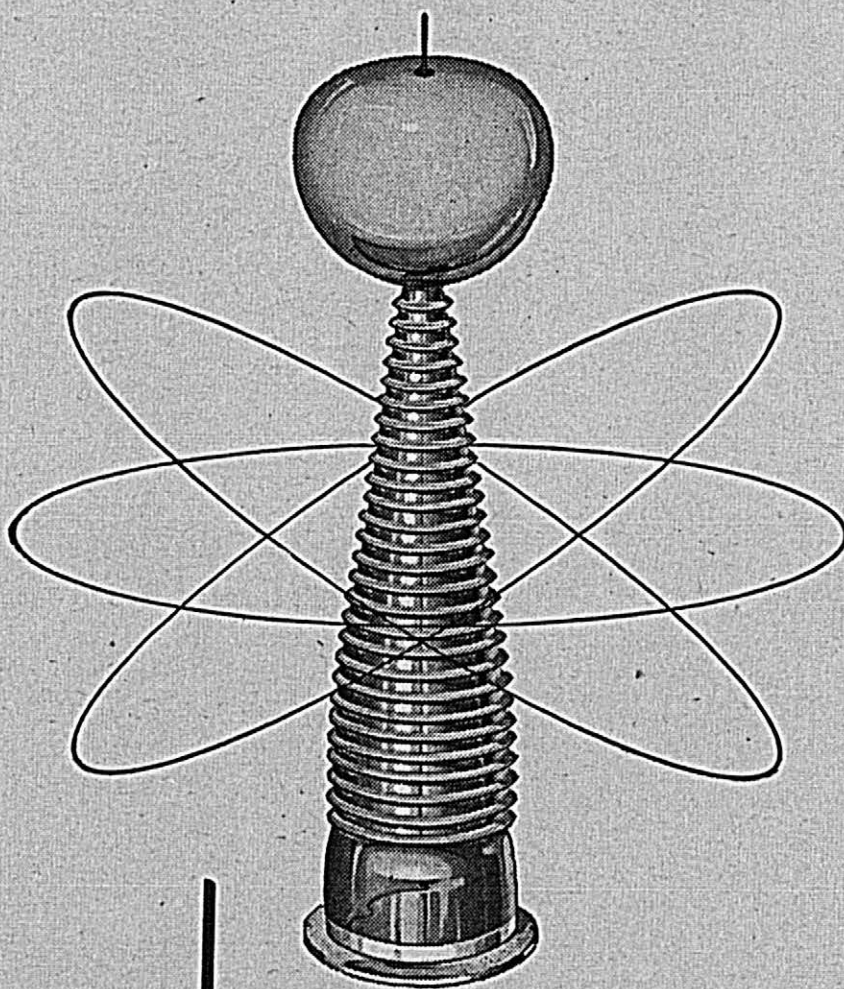
The McGill wrestling team did not fare too well against Dartmouth. They got off to a fast start when Marc Goldstein and Ted Geurtin won the first two matches by default. At this point Dartmouth took command of the situation and won the remaining ones. Dartmouth won the team title 21-10.

Mark Hatt was a disappointment as he failed to win his first match in a comeback for the Intercollegiate Title.

The McGill wrestlers will now be concentrating on gaining revenge when they travel to Dartmouth early in February for a return match.

bins. In last week's performance Cagger looked steady and although he made a few fine saves, he is not in the class of Gouvernement.

The remaining Intercollegiate club, the Toronto Blues have not as yet made a league start.



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Intramural SPORTS

ICE HOCKEY PRACTICES

There are still some practice hours left for the week of December 16th. Anyone wishing practice hours please check with the Intramural Office.

TOURNAMENTS

Entries are now being taken for the Table Tennis, Squash, Badminton and Handball tournaments which will begin early in the second term.

REFUNDS

Refunds are now being returned to all those who did not default any matches in the tournaments which have just been completed.

NOTICE

"No student may play on an Intramural team or compete in an Intramural meet while he is attending practice for a McGill Intercollegiate or Representative team in that sport".

LEAGUES

Attention all managers and team captains — Basketball will commence Monday, January 13th at 7:15 pm. Volleyball will commence Tuesday, January 14th at 1:00 pm. Ice Hockey will commence Monday, January 13th at 1:00 pm. Floor Hockey will commence Wednesday, January 15th at 5:45 pm.

Attention

STUDENTS

We have received a new shipment of the finest English all-wool blazers, English Worsteds slacks & Sports jackets. All kinds of McGill crests, cuff links, tie clips & lapel pins. Most reasonable prices for students only.

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